

# The Sketch



No. 480.—VOL. XXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



MISS LOUIE POUNDS

AS "JILL-ALL-ALONE" IN THE DAINTY SAVOY OPERA, "MERRIE ENGLAND."

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



## THE CLUBMAN AND CECIL RHODES.

*Cecil Rhodes' Resting-Place—His Will—What I Knew of Him—The King's Holiday—The Coronation of the King of Spain—The State Apartments at Windsor.*

CECIL RHODES has gone to his last resting-place, the "View of the World," as he called it, and a great man sleeps above the strife of the plains. The men who are to come after him and are to take up the work he began so nobly in Rhodesia are, when their time of rest comes, to lie round him, as in the days of old they buried a great King with his warriors about him. One may trust the Kafirs' children in imagination, in the days to come, to build up splendidly poetic spirit-tales concerning this great burial-ground in the hills. There was the same yearning for a quiet resting-place above the turmoil of the world in this stern maker and breaker of men, who lived all his life amidst the clash of the spears and whose contempt for a "loafer" was so infinite, as there was in the gentle Robert Louis Stevenson, who lies high above the palms, in sight of the blue ocean, and in many another great man. It is only the small men of this life who care little where they rest in the end. Most of the men who have striven hard and have soared high have thought much of peace around their last resting-place, and, no doubt, it is this yearning for solitude, the quiet of a country grave-yard, or the peace of the mountain-top, that induces so many great men to make an attempt, expressed in their wills, to escape the crowded glory of burial in St. Paul's or the Abbey. In Cecil Rhodes' will there is dimly expressed another "View of the World," the dream he dreamed of South Africa to come, and of the future alliances of the world, and all that the great wealth of one man can do towards changing dreams into realities will be done.

Cecil Rhodes was one of the great men whom I met before his greatness had been acknowledged by the world, and in whom I, no more than the world at large, saw the portents of the space he was to occupy in the view of his country. I used to be in Kimberley often enough at the close of the 'seventies, and amongst the men who were great frequenters of the Club there—a place in which every luxury, even to ice and asparagus, was to be found in the town of tin-houses, dust, blue clay, and diamonds—was Cecil Rhodes. I was introduced to him, and we chatted whenever we met, for he had known one of my brothers at Oxford, but I saw nothing in the man with a square forehead, clear eyes, and stern lines on either side of the mouth that I did not see in hundreds of other of the pioneers of wealth, the men who believed that great fortunes were to be forced out of the brown plains, and who, rich already, looked to the North and the East for greater riches to come. At the time that I knew him, Cecil Rhodes must have been forming his great ideas for a future, discussing with Sir Charles Warren whether, in the end, Cape Colony would eat up all the smaller States and Colonies or whether she would be but a unit in the Federation to come, laying plans to stand for a seat in the British Parliament and forming those close friendships, some of which cost him dear in public life but from which he never swerved under any stress of circumstances.

The King's little holiday—the pleasure of living through a fortnight in which every hour has not been previously parcelled out for various duties, and during which, on the floating home he is so fond of, he can move unannounced from port to port—is soon coming to an end. The Levée will bring His Majesty back to St. James's, and, after visits to Windsor and Norfolk, the King will face the disagreeables of a change from Palace to Palace in London, for there are discomforts even to Kings when their Lares and Penates, which have for half a lifetime been housed in one great mansion, have to be transported to another.

In the interest caused by the coming Coronation of our own King, we are apt to forget the very interesting crowning of the little ruler of Spain, which is to take place in May. Spain has now but few dependencies from which to draw escorts and feudatory chiefs, such as those who will add picturesqueness to the processions of Edward VII., but the monarchical countries will send their Princes to do honour to the young Monarch who steps upon a threatened Throne, the proudest aristocracy in the world will close round their young King, and the decorated Capital will show some of its ancient splendour. Not the least interesting of the Royal guests will be the Empress Eugénie, the young Spanish beauty whom Napoleon III. placed upon the Throne of France, who will leave her villa at Cap Martin for a cruise in the waters of the South of France, and then sail for a Spanish port.

The official cicerone who used to conduct privileged visitors round the State apartments of Windsor Castle has disappeared, and, as at the Tower of London, visitors are allowed to go from room to room, building to building, seeing the armour and pictures and other interesting objects as they will. This is as it should be, and it shows the kindly thought the King gives to detail of all kinds concerning the Royal Palaces. A Royal servant still shows privileged visitors over the private apartments when the necessary permission has been obtained, and it is to be hoped that the elderly servitor to whom this duty generally falls will be on the staff of the Castle servants for many years to come, for his subdued manner, with his apparently unconscious habit of walking backwards before the visitors, impresses them, more especially those who hail from the United States, as much as any of the art-treasures and souvenirs of the great men of the Empire which are to be seen in the corridors and the rooms.

## "MERRIE ENGLAND," AT THE SAVOY.

*The Book—Lyrics—Music—Acting—Scenery—Dresses—First-Night Reception.*

IT is a pretty story, daintily and wittily told, that Mr. Basil Hood sets before us in "Merrie England," the new opera produced at the Savoy on Wednesday evening last. The first Act opens on the bank of the Thames, opposite Windsor Castle. The day is a May-day, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and the townsfolk are assembled to do honour to their May Queen.

Sing down, a down, a down,  
Who comes this way?  
The May Queen comes, let her path be spread  
With roses white and with roses red,  
The flowers of Merrie England!

The situation serves to introduce us to many quaint characters. We meet, for example, Walter Wilkins and Giles Simkins, players in Shakspeare's Company; Long Tom and Big Ben, Royal Foresters; a Butcher, a Baker, a Tinker, a Tailor; the Queen's Fool; and, more interesting than all, the picturesque, sweetly-sad "Jill-All-Along," who lives by herself in the forest and is suspected of being a witch.

Oh, where the deer do lie  
There dwell I!  
Far in the forest shade,  
Down in the dappled glade—  
Oh, what a life!  
Throw her a bone!  
Nobody's wife—  
Jill-all-alone!

To this rustic assemblage there enter Sir Walter Raleigh and Miss Bessie Throckmorton. Here the story proper begins, and it may be told in a few words. Sir Walter Raleigh and the Earl of Essex share the Queen's favour; but, whereas Essex returns his Sovereign's kindly regard, Raleigh is in love with the other Bessie. Essex, discovering his colleague's secret by means of an acrostic that Sir Walter has composed in honour of his adored one, brings the matter under the notice of the Queen, who is furious at the slight placed upon her by Raleigh. Bessie Throckmorton is sent to imprisonment within the walls of Windsor Castle, but "Jill-All-Along" helps her to escape and takes her away to a hiding-place in the forest—Herne's Oak. This brings us to the second Act. Raleigh follows the two girls; Essex, anxious to get Sir Walter married, obtains for the lovers the pardon of the Queen, and the opera ends in song, dance, and general merriment.

A story such as this, of course, affords any number of opportunities for pretty scenes and graceful writing. Of these, Mr. Basil Hood has availed himself to the full. His construction is sound, his dialogue bright, his lyrics witty or tender, as the occasion demands. Perhaps the most popular number in the piece will be the Yeoman's Song, which falls to the happy lot of Essex—

Who were the Yeomen, the Yeomen of England?  
The free men were the Yeomen, the free men of England!  
Stout were the bows they bore  
When they went out to war,  
Stouter their courage for the honour of England!  
And Spaniards and Dutchmen,  
And Frenchmen and such men,  
As foemen did curse them,  
The bowmen of England!  
No other land could nurse them,  
But their motherland, Old England!  
And on her broad bosom did they ever thrive!

Very dainty, too, is Raleigh's love-ballad in the second Act—

Dan Cupid hath a garden where women are the flow'rs;  
And lovers' laughs and lovers' tears the sunshine and the show'rs.  
And oh, the sweetest blossom, that in his garden grows,  
The fairest queen, it is, I ween, the perfect English rose!

Mr. Edward German, the composer, shares equally with the author the credit of the success. His many admirers will be quick to recognise the suitability of the theme to his especial talent for graceful and melodious composition. In "Merrie England," his music is full of charm and refinement, his orchestration delicate, and his choral work impressive. Added to these rare qualities, there are as many "tuncy" numbers as the veriest jingle-glutton could desire.

With regard to the acting, the most striking part in the piece, probably, is that of "Jill-All-Along," played tastefully by Miss Louie Pounds. Miss Agnes Fraser, as Bessie Throckmorton, has not a very great deal to do, but she does it well and looks delightful all the time. Miss Rosina Brandram sustains the part of Queen Elizabeth and the hideous garb of the age with true dignity. Mr. Henry A. Lytton, that admirable artist, is the Earl of Essex; his acting and singing are in thorough accordance with all the old Savoy traditions. Mr. Robert Evett sings magnificently as Sir Walter Raleigh; Mr. Passmore brings to the character of Walter Wilkins all the adroit humour that has carried him into the position which he holds so worthily; and the other parts are capably played.

The photographs on the opposite page will give some idea of the beauty of the two scenes, painted by Mr. William Harford. The dresses are tasteful, sumptuous, and correct to a shade or a ribbon. The first-night audience was enthusiastic in its approval of the new opera, which will probably run as long as the old Savoy pieces were wont to do.



TWO SCENES FROM THE DAINTY SAVOY OPERA, "MERRIE ENGLAND."



Miss Bessie Throckmorton (Miss Agnes Fraser). Queen Elizabeth (Miss Brandram). The Earl of Essex (Mr. H. A. Lytton).

Walter Wilkins (Mr. W. Passmore).

ACT I.—THE BANK OF THE THAMES OPPOSITE WINDSOR CASTLE. WALTER WILKINS ENTERTAINS QUEEN ELIZABETH, THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF HER COURT, AND HIS FELLOW TOWNSFOLK.



Miss Bessie Throckmorton (Miss Agnes Fraser).

Sir Walter Raleigh (Mr. Robert Evett).

"Jill-All-Along" (Miss Louie Pounds).

The Earl of Essex (Mr. Henry A. Lytton).

ACT II.—WINDSOR FOREST. THE EARL OF ESSEX EXPLAINS TO BESSIE AND RALEIGH THAT HE IS IN A POSITION TO BEFRIEND THEM WITH ELIZABETH.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



## THE MAN IN THE STREET

*Summer Ahead—The St. Paul's Memorial Service—The Empire-BUILDER at Waterloo—A Link with Tudor Days—"Made in Germany"—Pirated Songs and the Public.*

WHEN once we have put Easter behind us, we can look forward to such summer as we are likely to get with confidence. But the weather is always getting mixed nowadays, and April came in with a cold March wind that froze you on one side while the pleasant sun baked you on the other.

To-morrow the memorial service will be held in St. Paul's Cathedral for the late Cecil Rhodes, but, from what I hear, the great Church will not hold half the people who intend to go. To "The Man in the Street" Cecil Rhodes was not much more than a name, though, somehow or other, the cab-drivers and busmen got to know him during his flying visits to England. They used to salute him as they passed him in the street, and he remarked to one of his friends that a public man was all right in England who was in some way a hero to the drivers. That was at the time of the Parliamentary Commission to inquire into the Jameson Raid, when Mr. Rhodes was most anxious to know the real feeling of "The Man in the Street."

Personally, I only saw the Empire-builder once, and that was by accident, at Waterloo Station. I was waiting for another train, when the Cape Mail was going off one Saturday afternoon, and at the end of the train on No. 1 platform I saw a group of men talking and laughing together. I recognised Cecil Rhodes at once by his portraits, but he was a smaller man than I expected and was overtopped by several of those talking to him. He was full of spirits, and laughing and chaffing like a schoolboy, and when the train was due to start he shook hands with his friends and pushed them into a carriage. I thought that he would drive back to his hotel, but, after the train had begun to move, he opened the door of another carriage, swung himself in, and went off to Southampton. I read next day in the Sunday paper that Mr. Rhodes had returned to South Africa quite unexpectedly. I can testify to that. Even after the train had begun to move, no one would have thought that he was going by it.

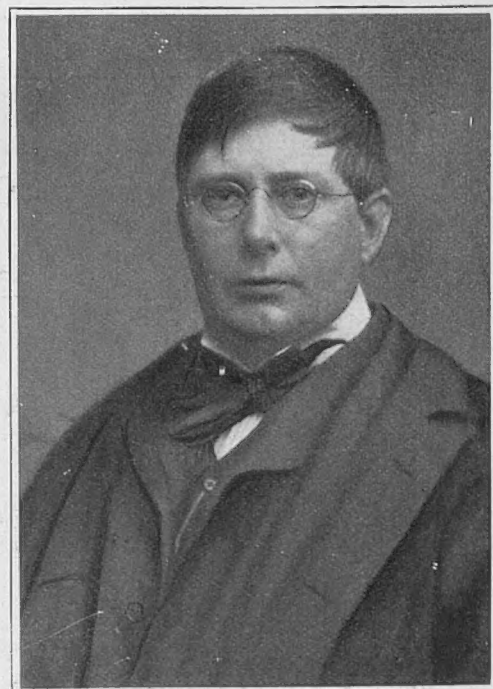
Another link with Old London has gone, for we shall see the Bluecoat Boys no more in the streets in which they have walked for the last three hundred years or so. I am sorry for it, for it was a real link with the past to see boys dressed in the clothes of Queen Elizabeth's time walking about London in Queen Victoria's time. And a queer dress it was, too; but Londoners were so used to it that, if anyone looked round after the boys, you might be sure that he was a stranger or a foreigner. Going bareheaded is evidently a fine thing for the hair. The boys had the most tremendous crops, and, after all, what is the good of hair if it is not to keep the head warm?

The other day, I bought from a kerbstone merchant a beautiful little gilt Coronation medal, which looked very much like a sovereign with the heads of both King and Queen upon it. I admired it very much until I saw "Made in Germany" stamped across it. I should like to know how it is that the Germans can turn out these medals and send them over here to be sold at a penny apiece. Surely our

manufacturers, who have not got to pay carriage from abroad, ought not to let themselves be cut out like this. I hear now that thousands of plates with portraits of the King and Queen are being made in Germany for the Coronation time, but they are not to have the "Made in Germany" stamped on them. I should like to know why this German crockery is to be set above the law.

Until the music-publishers began making a fuss over the pirated copies of "The Honeysuckle and the Bee" and so on, I never bought a copy of a song in the street, because I was guileless enough to think that the music could not be the real thing. I am sorry for our composers if they lose their royalties, and I hope that they will agitate until they get a sensible law of copyright passed, but the idea of summoning purchasers of songs in the streets is rather too strong.

This sort of high-handed action would transfer sympathy from composers and publishers to the other side, and we should soon have an agitation for free trade in music.



MR. GEORGE FRAMPTON, THE NEW ROYAL ACADEMICIAN.

*Photograph by Annan and Sons, Glasgow.*

## MR. RHODES AND OXFORD.

The accompanying picture of Mr. Cecil Rhodes on the occasion of his receiving the honorary degree of "D.C.L." is peculiarly appropriate just now, not only because of the American, Colonial, and German Scholarships to be founded in the terms of his will, but also because of the affection his last testament evinces for his old College. The sum of £100,000 is bequeathed for extension of the buildings and upkeep of Oriel, together with the enhancement of the comfort and dignity of the resident Fellows.

## THE NEW ACADEMICIAN.

From all quarters nothing but congratulation has come at the choice of the new Academician. Others there were, of course. E. A. Waterlow and J. M. Swan are names which come at once to mind as men well qualified for admission to the sacred circle of "the Forty"; but it was the turn of a sculptor to be promoted, and in Mr. George James Frampton his fellow Associates and Academicians have chosen the best and most representative man. With his work the public have for the last ten or fifteen years been familiar. He has spread his imagination on the colossal, as in the statue of Queen Victoria for the Indian National Memorial at Calcutta. Therein he gave us an imperious lady, full of years—the portrait was strikingly true—seated high on a great throne, her mantle falling in heavy folds around her and lending added majesty to the figure which millions of our Indian fellow subjects regard with reverence and awe. And he can concentrate himself into the somewhat mincing niceness of a "C.I.V." medal.

Mr. Frampton's training has been chiefly in England. His earliest days were spent at Lambeth School, which has turned out many good men, and in due course he sent in his model and his anatomical study which gained him admission to the Royal Academy Schools. He finished his student's career by carrying off the gold medal for "An Act of Mercy"—a delightful group, the subject a little girl raising a bowl of water to the lips of a slave who had been bound and left to die under the scorching sun of ancient Rome. For a time, he studied in Paris under Mercié, and is remembered by many of his contemporaries as the life and soul of many a lively studio-party in the Quartier Latin.



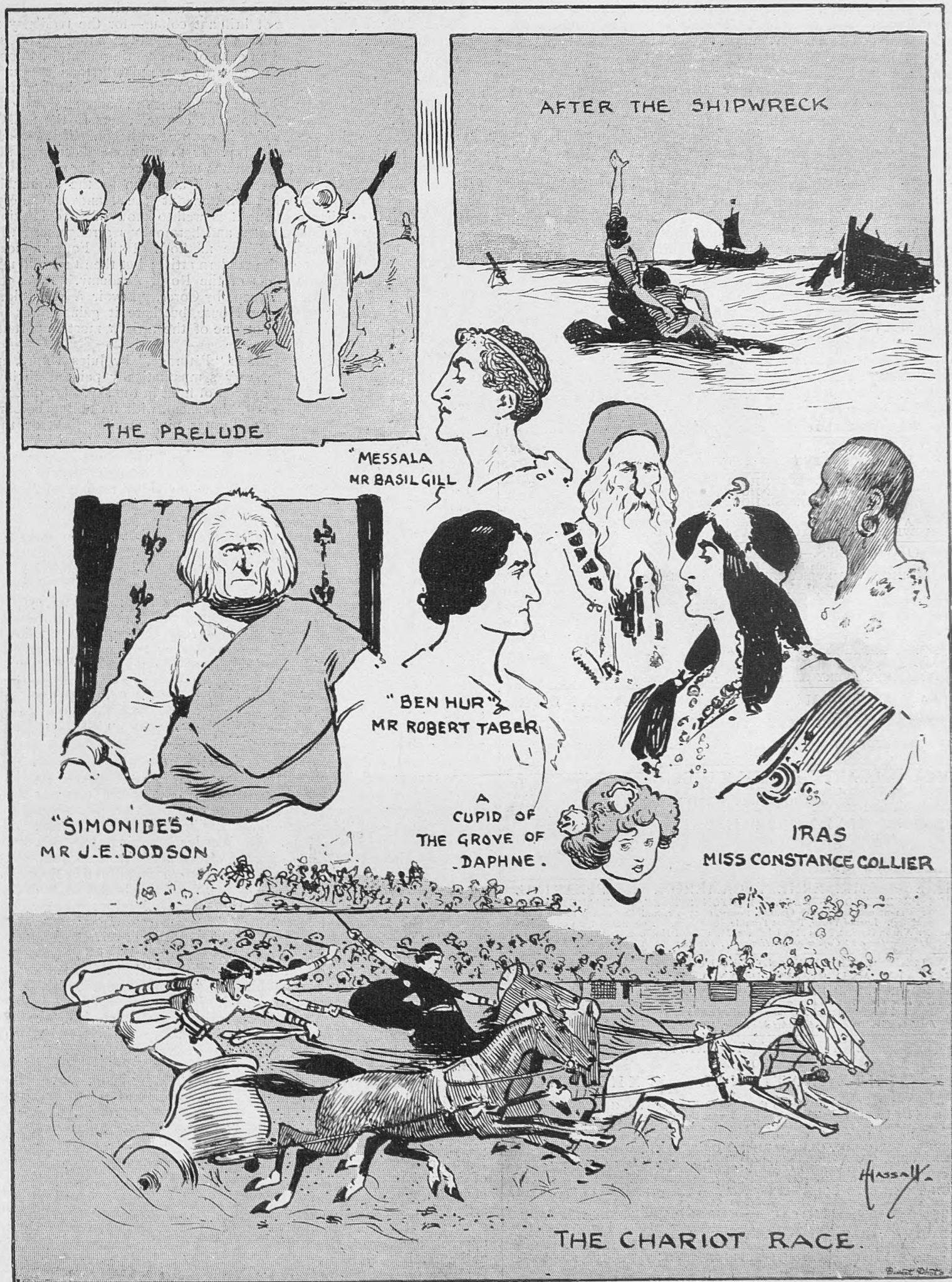
Lord Kitchener. Dr. Paget.

CECIL RHODES AT OXFORD, AFTER RECEIVING THE HONORARY DEGREE OF "D.C.L."

IMMEDIATELY BEHIND MR. RHODES IS DR. PAGET, WHO HAS SINCE BECOME BISHOP OF OXFORD.

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*





PRODUCTION OF "BEN-HUR" AT DRURY LANE.

SOME FIRST-NIGHT SKETCHES BY JOHN HASSALL.



## THEATRICAL RUMOURS.

FROM time to time one hears a rumour to the effect that Rudyard Kipling's painter-story, "The Light that Failed," is to be seen upon the stage. That is to say, of course, some new and complete adaptation thereof, for, although many appear to forget it, at least one one-Act adaptation of this strange story has been seen in London, not to mention New York. Lately, however, I heard (yet once again) of Mr. Charles Hawtrey being determined to test an adaptation of "The Light that Failed," even as he threatened me (just as he was sailing) he might do on his return to these shores.

The latest rumour which reaches me as to adaptations of "The Light that Failed" is one just wafted from America. From this rumour I learn that an adaptation of this (to my thinking) unworthy Kipling story is being prepared for Mr. Nat Goodwin and his beautiful wife, Maxine Elliott.

Speaking of America and its rumours, theatrical and otherwise, I may perhaps here mention that that brilliant Anglo-American dramatist, Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley, has written to deny that she has given permission for anyone to turn her successful play, "Mice and Men," into a comic opera.

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A COUNTRY MOUSE.  
A COUNTRY MOUSE.  
A COUNTRY MOUSE.

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## SOME PICTURE-SHOWS.

TO visit the studios on Show Sunday is one thing, to see the  
pictures quite another. I carry away with me a confused  
recollection of flashes of brilliant colour—for the tendency is  
apparently more than ever towards high-pitched tones that call aloud  
to avoid escaping notice—and an echo of bewildering chatter, among  
which I seem to distinguish these words more plainly than anything  
else: "Yes, my dear, it is peculiar. I am not prudish about draperies  
and so on, but I do wonder why the young person is blue all down one  
side and orange the other." This, of course, refers to the artist's  
conception of the glow of sunshine in contrast with cool shadow-tones  
on flesh. In the circumstances, I prefer to postpone discussing the  
works destined for the great exhibitions until a more fitting season.

Meanwhile, it may be useful to call attention to the admirable  
show of paintings by foreign Masters at the Hanover Gallery,  
for at this time of picture-gazing it is well to know of an exhibition  
that by its generally subdued tones and harmonious arrangement will  
give refreshment to the eye. The methods of the Fontainebleau  
painters were not as those of the modern artist; but then they did not  
seek glory on the crimson walls of the Royal Academy. Take, for  
instance, the delicate little landscape by Corot, "Lavoir à St. Malo." It  
would be crushed at Burlington House, but here it gains power by  
its very reserve, though it is not one of the artist's most important  
examples.

A still more impressive work is "Pâturage," by Jules Dupré, an  
evening landscape with cattle, very sympathetically painted in low  
tones that give effect to the last gleam of light in the sky. Of quite a  
different kind is "An Old Tower," by Ziem, with its telling colour-  
scheme of atmospheric blue sky and water, pink evening light on the  
ancient tower, and fishing-boats daintily touched in. Charles Jacque  
is represented by an idyll of "Le Printemps," with sheep, lambs, and  
shepherdess. There is a representation of "Summer," wherein the  
sensation of sultriness is conveyed in the individual manner of Sisley,  
and there is a remarkable work, "Louveciennes," full of sunset-colour  
that tints the clouds and river, by Claude Monet.

The Continental Gallery, has a number of noteworthy works, of  
which the most important are those by Thaddeus, whose great picture,  
"Christ Before Caiaphas," is an exceptionally bold rendering of  
Eastern character and colour, in which the sentiment of the scene is  
realised with considerable power. There are some portraits by this  
artist, those of Gladstone and Liszt being the most striking, though,  
to my mind, they are the less convincing through being painted  
larger than life-size. Two large canvases by Schramm, the accom-  
plished pupil of Hans Makart, represent the poisoning of Bianca  
Capello and her husband, Francesco de Medici, in a gorgeous setting,  
and "A Bacchante," a rendering of the undraped figure that, though  
skillful and effective in some respects, is marred by tightness of  
handling and uncompromising definition. After all, there is some  
mystery about a goddess, even though she be but the deity of the  
flowing bowl, and here, I think, realism is carried a stage too far.

At the same Gallery are to be seen some of Mr. Caffieri's pleasant  
water-colours of sea-coast scenery, with fisherwomen carrying their  
babies through the surf, and other scenes especially characteristic of the  
shores of France. Their sunniness and freshness of technique give  
these works a peculiar charm. Mr. Westley Manning also has a show  
of water-colours here, consisting of direct notes from Nature, that,  
though often no more than sketches, are full of vitality and spontaneity,  
and will certainly attract, if only by reason of the beauty of the lake,  
mountain, and river scenery that the artist has chosen for representation.

Mr. Hubert Medlicott is very versatile, as anyone may ascertain by  
a visit to the Woodbury Gallery, where the artist shows views of London,  
Rouen, Switzerland, Venice, and elsewhere. On the whole, perhaps,  
he is most successful with the bridges, barges, and atmosphere of the  
Lower Thames, and it is something of an achievement to make the  
Tower Bridge look picturesque, as it evidently is when dimly seen  
through a misty air, with the brown sails of a characteristic barge in  
the foreground. He has observed the varied aspects of St. Paul's from  
the river, and praise is due to his precise yet delicate manipulation of  
architecture such as that of Rouen Cathedral and of the buildings  
about the Grosse Horloge in the same city. Other quaint foreign  
scenes and some mountainous landscapes add variety to the  
exhibition.

A novel and exceedingly attractive idea is that which has been  
carried out by the Fine Art Society in an exhibition of statuettes by  
British and French sculptors of to-day. Here one has an opportunity  
of appreciating daintiness of form accompanied by a good deal of  
charming fancy. Several of the works are by accomplished French  
artists, but the English school is well represented, and, if not quite so  
strong as the French, it must be remembered that there is more  
appreciation for this class of work in Paris than in London. There is  
an impressive bronze of Queen Victoria by the late Onslow Ford, who  
is also represented by a very graceful "Folly." Mr. Brock's "Eve"  
is noteworthy, and so also is his portrait of Lord Leighton, himself  
a sculptor, whose composition, "The Sluggard," compares well with  
any work in the gallery. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's "Teucer" is a  
striking work, and more than ordinary interest attaches to the design  
by Princess Louise, "In Memory of Our Nurse," a plaster relief that  
suggests its theme by means of a female figure with two children.  
Over a hundred examples are collected, and altogether the exhibition  
is very fascinating.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*The Royal  
"Flitting."*

Most people know something of the agonies of moving house. Curiously enough, this unpleasant experience has been hitherto spared to King Edward and Queen Alexandra; but now, for the first time, in the midst of the Coronation preparations, their Majesties have to endure the inevitable unpleasantness attendant on even the most stately and regal of "flittings." Before leaving for Denmark, the Queen spent much time in actually superintending the removal of her more cherished household gods from Marlborough House to Buckingham Palace. Those who have the good-fortune of Her Majesty's personal friendship declare that she feels very deeply leaving this home of many memories, and that she has done all in her power to reconstitute her suite of pretty rooms at the Palace exactly as they were at Marlborough House. The latter stately mansion will now pass into the possession of the reigning Prince and Princess of Wales, and the latter will at last have an opportunity of seeing her many beautiful and splendid wedding-presents set out to advantage, as they could never be at York House or at York Cottage.

Whoever suggested that the King's dinner menu should be enlivened by a special Coronation dish certainly hit on a happy idea, and one which, curiously enough, has a precedent. How many of the Londoners are still living, I wonder, who partook of Queen Victoria's pudding? Probably a large number who have completely forgotten the circumstance, for on Coronation Day, 1838, five thousand London children were feasted at the public expense, the most important portion of their meal being a plum-pudding, which was christened, appropriately enough, "Queen Victoria's pudding."

Vast as Westminster Abbey looks to the humble church-goer, its resources will be taxed to the utmost on Coronation Day, for there seems little doubt that many more people than was at first supposed possible or desirable are to have a chance of witnessing the great pageant. To give one example of this: not only elder sons, but also a daughter of each Peer is to be admitted to the Abbey on the great day, and those Members of Parliament who are not blessed with wives will be allowed to bring their mother or a sister. In some ways the M.P.'s will be particularly favoured, for it has been arranged that they are to have excellent seats; indeed, it is said that they will be in a position to see the whole proceedings even more clearly than will the Peers and Peeresses.

*Parliamentary  
Language.*

Bitter feelings are being expressed by politicians in strong language. Mr. Dillon has to answer for a great deal. One amiable member, Dr. Farquharson, told his constituents during the Easter holidays that, if Mr. Chamberlain were to say he was an authority on traitors, he also would retort by calling him "a damned liar." Then there is the case of Mr. Labouchere, who wrote from Florence to say that

Colonel Kenyon-Slaney, a very outspoken Conservative member, suffered from cerebral excitement. Nobody will be astonished if there are scenes and suspensions between now and Whitsuntide. The Commons should be taught to mend their manners, for the country is ashamed of personal squabbles and outbreaks of temper on their part.

*"A Model  
Member."*

The member who always votes and never speaks is considered by certain interested authorities to be a model. Mr. Hayes Fisher answers the description in the present Session. As a Whip, he has had no opportunity of speaking in the House, but he voted in every one of

the divisions which took place before Easter. In this voting record he stood alone. Mr. Hayes Fisher is the son of a clergyman and is married to his cousin. He became known first as private secretary to Mr. Arthur Balfour when the latter was ruling Ireland. Subsequently, he took a prominent part in the scene which led to the free-fight during the second Home Rule struggle. In 1895, he was appointed a Junior Lord of the Treasury, and a Junior Lord he has remained.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach comes to the front of the Parliamentary stage at this period of the Session. His financial year has concluded satisfactorily, but not brilliantly. He has got half-a-million more than he estimated. The revenue is twelve and a-half millions more than in the previous year, but most of the growth is due to increased taxation. There will be a deficit when he frames his new Budget. That is to say, the revenue, even with the new sources, cannot equal the expenditure. The Chancellor will be obliged again to borrow, but everybody is wondering whether the taxes are to be left as at present. On Sir Michael's proposals the course of the Session will largely depend. He must take counsel with the Cabinet, but he has a mind of his own and he sticks to it whenever he can.

Lady Westmorland will certainly be one of the most lovely of Coronation Countesses.

Apethorpe, Lord and Lady Westmorland's famous country home, takes rank among the most noted stately homes of England, and it is probable that during the next year or two this mansion, as so often in the past, will entertain a Royal house-party. It has been said, and truly, that scarce a room at Apethorpe but contains some distinctive and beautiful work of art. The ceilings are particularly noticeable, that of the room known as "The King's Chamber" being in its way quite a study in heraldry, the Royal Arms, crests, and supporters being all wrought in fretwork. Lady Westmorland has two children; the eldest, Lord Burghersh, will probably, should elder sons of tender age be admitted at the Coronation, take his place among the train-bearers of Royalty. Her little daughter, Lady Enid Fane, bids fair to be, in due course, as pretty as are her three first-cousins, Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, Lady Marjorie Greville, and Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower.



THE COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



*Lady Susan Beresford.*

The young sister of Lord Waterford will take a foremost place among the group of Coronation Season brides, for she is connected with an immense number of notable people, and it is quite possible that her wedding will be one of the smartest and biggest social matrimonial functions of the year.

Lady Susan Beresford is an enthusiastic horsewoman, and she is never seen to more advantage than in a rather severely neat riding-habit.



LADY SUSAN BERESFORD, SISTER OF THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.

*Photograph by Poole, Waterford.*

Troubridge married in 1893 her cousin, the present Baronet of that name, who is great-grandson of the famous Admiral who had the unique distinction of blockading Civita Vecchia and investing Imperial Rome. The Troubridges have been valiant fighters in their generation. The above-mentioned intrepid seaman was the father of another Admiral who by his wife, a daughter of yet another able navigator, Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander Cochrane, G.C.B., was father of an equally distinguished General, Sir Thomas Troubridge, the third Baronet. This well-known Crimean officer lost his right leg and left foot at the Battle of Inkerman. Both Lady Troubridge and her sister are very artistic, Lady Dudley having fine taste and excellent talent in music. They are most charming women and between them number a host of friends.

*The Hon. Mary Hughes.*

The Hon. Mary Hughes, who has recently been appointed Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, is a daughter of Mr. and Lady Florentia Hughes. For many years she was Maid-of-Honour to the late Queen Victoria. Very gifted and clever, she was invaluable to Her Majesty, to whom the knowledge of languages and music was essential. Miss Mary Hughes is also the happy possessor of dramatic talents. Her mother, Lady Florentia Hughes, is a daughter of the first Earl of Ravensworth by Isabella Horatia, eldest daughter of Lord George Seymour. She married, in 1853, Hugh Robert Hughes of Kinnel, nephew and heir of the first Lord Dinorben. Lord Ravensworth was the author of a translation into English lyric verse of the Odes of Horace.

*Gordon Castle.*

Among the stately homes of Scotland, Gordon Castle is notable for its extent, its magnificence, and the splendid views of land and river and sea which it commands. From its windows may be seen well-wooded slopes descending to the Spey, which winds through lovely reaches to the sea, and in the distance are the town and shipping of Garmouth. Curiously enough, this splendid park of thirteen hundred acres, in the middle of which stands the Castle, was formerly a marsh, called the Bog of Gight. Except for the ponderous square tower of the eleventh century, which, with its ninety feet of height, dominates the whole stately pile, the Castle is modern. Originally built by the second Earl of Huntly, it has been altered, until the tower is all that is left, though that has been most ingeniously combined and made a part of the modern palace. No one can help admiring the harmonious proportions of the building, with its four storeys and six hundred feet of length.

*The Pictures and Sculpture.*

Within the Castle are evidences of the taste of successive Dukes of Gordon, now represented by the aged Duke of Richmond, in whose favour the old Dukedom of Gordon was revived in

1876. Among the statuary are copies of the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus de Medici, as well as many representing the great men of the ancient Greeks and Romans. But perhaps the most interesting is one of Cosmo, the third Duke of Tuscany, who was a relation by marriage to the Dukes of Gordon. Of the pictures, special interest attaches just now to a glorious portrait of a former Duke of Gordon by Raeburn, whose merits as a painter have lately been so much better recognised; and there is also an exquisite portrait of his Duchess by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Mention must also be made of a copy by Angelica Kauffmann of the celebrated "St. Peter and St. Paul," the masterpiece of Guido Reni.

*Queen Alexandra's Military Nurses.*

Her Majesty's intense interest in nurses and nursing has long been known. Accordingly, there is something peculiarly fitting in the fact that the new military nursing service is to be known as "Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service." The Nursing Board is to have the Queen as President and the Countess Roberts as Vice-President. The Chairman will be the Director-General of the Army Medical Service, and it is interesting to note that Sir Frederick Treves is to be the Senior Member of the Advisory Board. The commencing salary of the Matron-in-Chief will be £250 a-year, and that of ordinary nurses £30, but any member of the Army Nursing Reserve called up for duty will receive pay at the rate of £40 per annum, and every nurse will be entitled to a month's clear holiday each year. At the age of fifty, each member will be entitled to a pension, and one year of service in a tropical climate will count as two years towards pension. It is hoped that women nurses may gradually replace the men orderlies who have hitherto played so great a part in the military hospitals. The soldiers themselves much prefer being tended by lady nurses.

*Peeresses at the "Tub."*

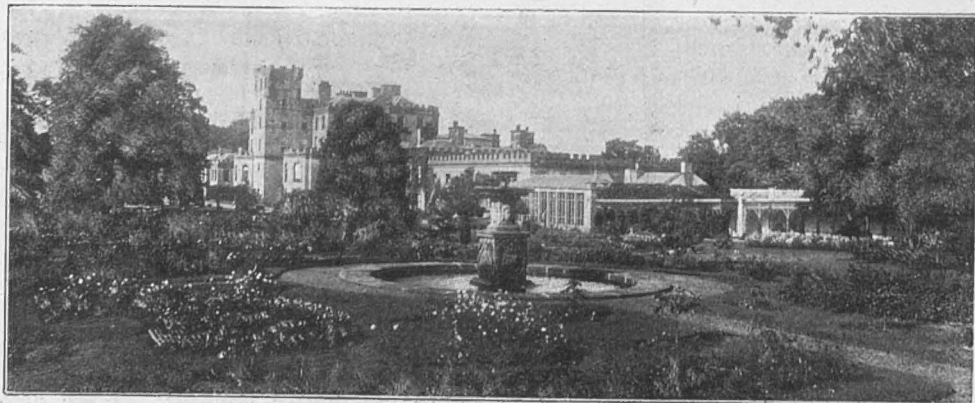
There seems truth in the rumour that a very beautiful and popular Anglo-American Peeress is about to start a laundry. Most people, and especially most housewives, will tell you that a well-conducted laundry is the one crying need of the moment—indeed, of the century. It is also said, probably with truth, that there is no quicker and easier way of making money than that of running a really first-class and well-managed laundry. Doubtless the pretty Peeress who is about to make practical acquaintance with the "tub"—for she is said to be determined to learn her trade from the inside—wishes to prove the truth of this contention.

*Clever Trade Amateurs.*

There are now quite a number of well-known Society people who have become successful women of business. The first to embark on this unknown sea was the gifted and accomplished wife of Lord Granville Gordon. As "Lierre," she conducted for some years a most successful millinery-shop. Among her customers was Queen Alexandra—then Princess of Wales. Lady Granville Gordon really worked very hard, and made a point of spending some hours of each day actually in the shop, trying on her customers' headgear, suggesting alterations herself, and fashioning with her deft fingers model hats and toques. The latest recruit is Mrs. FitzGeorge, the enterprising daughter-in-law of the Duke of Cambridge. She is said to have mastered the art of making plain people beautiful. If this be indeed true, she need fear no lack of custom, and I believe it is a fact that her pretty show-rooms are very seldom empty.

*"Life Among the Brigands."*

It was recently currently reported that Messrs. McClure had secured the sole rights of Miss Stone's story, "Life Among the Brigands," both in this country and in America. This, however, is true only in so far as America is concerned, for Messrs. Isbister and Co. have been fortunate enough to acquire the sole rights for Great Britain and the Colonies. The narrative will begin in the May number of the *Sunday Magazine*, and will probably consist of five articles. The book, which will contain much additional matter, will be published in the early autumn, and this and the magazine articles as well will be illustrated with a number of photographs, some of which are unique. Messrs. Isbister may be congratulated upon their enterprise in securing for their *Sunday Magazine* readers the story of Miss Stone's captivity, which is said to be of most absorbing interest.



GORDON CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.

*Photograph by Valentine, Dundee.*



*The May Coronation.*

By a curious coincidence, this year is to be enlivened by two great Coronations, that of the young King of Spain taking place more than a month before that of King Edward VII. Spain is the land of great pageants and of stately ceremonial, and already wonderful preparations are going on in Madrid with a view to the sumptuous entertainment of the many Royal guests who will journey to Spain in order that the boy King and his admirable mother may feel themselves adequately honoured. The Russian Court will be represented by the Grand Duke Vladimir; the Quirinal by King Victor Emmanuel's uncle, Italy's Sailor Prince, the Duke of Genoa; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will offer Alphonso XIII. their best wishes on behalf of the Court of St. James. The various Royal Palaces will be filled to overflowing, and it is probable that the Coronation of the King of Spain will cost the land of the Hidalgos a considerably larger sum than will do the crowning of our King-Emperor the British tax-payers.

*The Lytton-Plowden Marriage.*

Lord Lytton and Miss Pamela Plowden started last Thursday the long series of Coronation Season weddings. St. Margaret's, Westminster, the political church *par excellence*, was wisely chosen, although the bride was staying at Lord and Lady Wenlock's beautiful house in Portland Place. The fact that Parliament was not sitting and that most well-known people, social and political, spend the Easter recess out of town, did not prevent the gathering together of many distinguished and notable folk especially representative of that now dissolved Society or

*Lawyers and Luncheons.*

It appears, from the Report of the General Council of the Bar just issued, that that estimable body has been exercised during the past year in discovering how barristers may conveniently be lunched during the Long Vacation. At present, they are condemned either to suffer the pangs of hunger or mingle with the *profanum vulgus* in the numerous hosteries close to their habitats. The replies received by the Council from the officials of the respective Inns are not very encouraging. The Benchers of the Inner Temple fear that, by consenting to sell wine, beer, or spirits to the members of the other Societies, they might be guilty of a breach of the law. It looked at one time as though the Society of Gray's Inn intended to take pity on the men whom fortune compels to hang on to the skirts of Society during the droughty months of August and September. But the Committee of the Inn to which the matter was referred has now resolved "that this matter is not within the terms of the appointment of this Committee." So the stuff-gownsmen, like the dove sent from the Ark, appear unlikely to find any repose for their feet or refreshment for their souls.

*Round the World in a Motor!*

It was, of course, bound to come, and it is strange that Jules Verne in none of his stories has yet foretold the spanning of the globe in a horseless carriage! Now, the news comes from Berlin, that a well-known German motorist, accompanied by an English friend, intends to head a party starting shortly for a tour round the world in motor-cars. Ten persons have been invited to join the tour; and they will form an

## THE FIRST CORONATION WEDDING.



[Photograph by Dickinson and Foster.]

LORD LYTTON.



[Photograph by Langflier.]

MISS PAMELA PLOWDEN.

MARRIED LAST THURSDAY AT ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, WESTMINSTER.

sect, "the Souls," among whom the young Countess of Lytton is said to have been numbered with the elect. St. Margaret's never looked more suited to be the scene of an interesting wedding, the more so that Miss Plowden had wisely decided to dispense with the masses of white flowers which often give a chilly look to a spring marriage. An original touch in the simple wedding-gown—composed of cream chiffon, lace, and silver embroidery—was the train of silver tinsel, shot with gold and edged with orange-blossom. The bride's hair was most exquisitely dressed, and a tiny wreath of orange-blossom rested lightly on her dark-brown tresses under the tulle veil. She also reverted to the old custom of carrying an orange-blossom bouquet.

The four little bridesmaids, Lady Diana Manners, Miss Balfour, Miss Barbara Lutyens, and Miss Irene Lawley, might have stepped out of some great group by Vandyck. They wore long, cream-coloured satin frocks, a distinguishing feature of each costume being the lace collar, cuffs, and *apron*! Particularly pretty were the close-fitting gold bonnets. Each bridesmaid, of course, wore the quaint *Art Nouveau* jewel—a kind of jewelled butterfly—presented by the bridegroom. The four little pages were Lady Warwick's three-year-old son, Maynard Greville, Denis Ainslie, Jasper Plowden, and Noel Crawford.

Miss Plowden was given away by her father, and the service was performed by the Rector of Knebworth, the Rev. H. E. Jones. Among the many beautiful and original gifts presented to both bride and bridegroom, special interest naturally centred on the wedding-present of the King and Queen, consisting of an aigrette in the form of a humming-bird encrusted with diamonds, sapphires, and rubies. After a short honeymoon spent at Knebworth, Lord and Lady Lytton are going on the Continent.

imposing spectacle, for, in addition to the central car, which will be not unlike a huge omnibus, there are to be some ten or twelve smaller vehicles carrying scientific instruments, a certain class of provision difficult to obtain elsewhere than in Europe, and, last not least, death-dealing weapons, for it is expected that this novel expedition will wend its way through some of the least-known parts of China.

*The Blood and Health.*

Blessed with pine-scented sea-air which soon restores the bright hues of health to the weak whose constitutions have "run down," Bournemouth is a Health Resort *par excellence* for the purification of the blood. Hence it is quite appropriate that an energetic and clever Bournemouth medical man, Dr. Alfred C. Coles, M.D., should have made a special study of the blood as affected by every variety of disease, and should have made his noble profession his debtor by preserving the fruits of his study and experiments in a valuable work, "The Blood: How to Examine and Diagnose its Diseases," published by J. and A. Churchill, of Great Marlborough Street, London. By his scientific examination of blood under the microscope (I wonder it is not now called the *microbescope*), Dr. Coles has been enabled to identify a disease sometimes difficult to name, and thus to point the way to cure it.

Mr. John Hollingshead writes me: "I have made two omissions in my list of dead theatres of comparatively modern date. The 'Park' at Camden Town was not of much importance, but I ought not to have forgotten the 'Queen's' in Long Acre, Mr. Henry Labouchere's theatre, which had a short but remarkable career before it was sold to a Co-operative Store. It had a company rarely gathered in a single playhouse for working purposes."



*"Lyrical Poetry."* The sculptor Signor Mario Rutelli, author of the much-discussed Naiads of the fountain of the Acqua Marcia, in Rome, illustrated in *The Sketch* last spring, has just completed at his foundry in Palermo a bronze group for the portico of the Teatro Maggiore of his native town. The artist here presents us with a figure of "Lyrical Poetry"—alluding to the musical power of Orpheus—seated on the King of Beasts and blowing the double pipes, the *tibia dextra* and *sinistra*, which ancient Greek and Roman were wont to play as the accompaniment of comedies. The outline of the group, modelled from life, is carefully harmonised with the architectural lines of the building. The lion is over five yards in length, and the weight of the bronze, at which the sculptor has worked for two and a-half years, is seven tons.

*A Good Story About the Kaiser.* An amusing story is going the round in artistic circles in Berlin about the German Emperor (writes my Correspondent in that city). A certain portrait-painter had executed a remarkably good portrait of his little son, representing the latter as sitting on his mother's lap, very much the same as the child in the painting by Rubens. Everyone admired the portrait immensely; not so the little boy, however, who was teased so much by his schoolfellows for being painted "with nothing on."

evidently lovers, are sitting on a balcony of a restaurant partaking of a light form of lunch; the young man is a rather solemn young fellow, looking with penetrating gaze into his sweetheart's face, whilst she, smiling mischievously, hands him her glass to drink from.

Another Danish painter exhibiting at the same rooms is Kristian Zahrtmann. Two pictures hanging close together show immediately the wonderful power the artist possesses in portraying the bright lights caused by a glowing fire. One, called "Johanna von Castilien," shows Johanna of Castile, recumbent, with her back to the altar, surrounded on all sides by various vases containing lilies-of-the-valley, while further on can be seen a silver salver full of oranges and a goblet of red wine. All these different details help to show off the marvellous glow of ruddy light on her face. The other, bearing the title "Lady Macbeth," has evidently been painted from the same model.

*April the First in Berlin.* April 1 is Quarter-day in Berlin, and is a most notable day in every respect, chiefly, however, on account of the fact that nearly every other person in the town is changing his or her dwelling. The average Berliner seems to delight in nothing more than in "moving." They all appear to get tired of their flats with extraordinary rapidity. Seldom does



SIGNOR MARIO RUTELLI'S BRONZE GROUP, "LYRICAL POETRY," FOR THE PORTICO OF THE TEATRO MAGGIORE, PALERMO.

that the poor little chap came crying to his father, and besought him, with many sobs, to "anyway, paint a shirt on to him." The painter was tickled at this that he told the story to the Emperor one day while His Majesty was paying a visit to the studio. The Kaiser was extremely amused, and, when giving instructions before leaving about a portrait of himself which he desired the painter to execute for him, added, with a laugh, "but not in your little son's costume."

*Danish Art in Berlin.* Talking about pictures, I saw some very interesting studies by Danish artists the other day at Keller and Reiner's. I noticed that most of the pictures on view were already sold, especially those by Harald Slott-Moeller, of Copenhagen. A very touching one was entitled "Death and the Cripple." The background of the picture represents an ordinary kind of landscape of fields and hedges and so forth, creating a general indistinct green impression forming an admirable relief for the chief part of the picture in front, namely, a most faithful portrayal of a man lying dead and ashen-grey on a couch, while, dressed in sombre-coloured clothes and leaning over the dead man, stands a poor cripple with his hand withered. The cripple gazes wistfully at the man released by death, as if eagerly desirous of a similar tranquil state himself. Next to this picture hangs one of an altogether brighter and gladder character. "Spring" is the title. Two young people,

anyone among the middle and lower-middle classes remain longer than two years in one set of apartments: very often two moves in one year is considered nothing out of the common. This is partly caused by the fact that newly built houses are to be had, as a rule, for astonishingly low rents during the first year of tenure.

Luckily for the migrating Berliners, April 1 was this year very fine. In every street, both in the fashionable West and the poverty-stricken East and North, especially in the latter, furniture-vans, carts, drays, and even perambulators, were to be seen piled mountain-high with mattresses, sofas, chairs, cupboards, and every possible form of household effects. Around them swarmed doughty, thick-set men, clad in fustian, covered with picturesque blue aprons, and wearing the ungainly wooden sabots so much affected by the working classes. Around their necks they fasten long strips of webbing; this they then pass underneath the heaviest and most gigantic piece of furniture, and lift it, as if it were mere child's-play, on to the waggon. Further along, the passer-by observes a busy throng of simple working folk; they, too, are moving. They, however, have no van, nor even a cart. One of the women harnesses herself in front of a small hand-cart, a shaggy, barking dog helps her on the other side of the one broken shaft, a couple of ragged boys shove behind, and thus they migrate from one back-alley to another.





MRS. JOPLING, R.B.A.

*Photograph by Haines, Milman Road, W.*

*The Two Lady* It is never too late to mend, and the Royal Society of "R.B.A.'s." British Artists, being now merely a hundred and seventeen years old, has decided on a vigorous and progressive policy. In its early youth it was all very well loftily to dispense with the advice and assistance of the Superior Sex, but it has now had enough experience to realise that this was a defect in its organisation. Consequently, one of its first acts since it has recognised that it has reached years of maturity was to invite two distinguished ladies to join its roll of membership. It made an admirable choice, and one that reflects the catholicity of its new outlook, for Mrs. Jopling and Miss Kemp-Welch are in their several ways among the most representative of lady artists. One may mention the age of a Society, but not of its lady members, so in regard to this matter I will say that, in one sense, Mrs. Jopling has the advantage over Miss Kemp-Welch, and, in the other, Miss Kemp-Welch has the advantage over Mrs. Jopling. In fact, Mrs. Jopling was born first. Moreover, Mrs. Jopling has the distinction of having been married thrice and of having been painted by Millais, who had a high opinion of her ability and took much interest in her School of Art. When she asked him if he recommended teaching by demonstration, he made the characteristic reply, "If I wanted to teach a man billiards, I wouldn't correct each stroke he made; I would take the cue myself and teach him how to hit the ball."

Mrs. Jopling has been most successful as a teacher, and, having studied in Paris in her youth, she has not neglected to instil the precepts of the French studios into the minds of the many budding artists whose genius has unfolded under

her direction. She has for some time been in the front rank of women painters, and has been a frequent exhibitor in the leading shows of London and Paris. Of late, she has devoted herself to portraiture, with brilliant results. She is a diligent worker who finds time to vary her busy life by literary productions, the practice of music, and even amateur theatricals.

Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch is one of Professor Herkomer's most exemplary pupils, and she is also one of Fortune's favourites. There are mere masculine artists who daub away for dear life, and even then can scarcely sell enough pictures to keep them in tobacco. Corot was somewhere about seventy before he could find a purchaser at all. But Miss Kemp-Welch, gaily pursuing her way at Bushey, and sometimes elsewhere, was scarcely out of "the Master's" leading-strings before she sold a picture—a very fine picture, too, "Colt-Hunting in the New Forest"—to the Chantrey Trustees for five hundred guineas. This was in 1896, and since then she has steadily advanced. In 1900 her "Horses Bathing in the Sea" was very judiciously purchased for a thousand pounds by the National Gallery of Victoria, which has every reason to rejoice in its bargain. Last year's picture of "Lord Dundonald's Dash upon Ladysmith" was a great triumph, one of the few pictures in the Burlington House exhibition that live in the memory. Everyone likes pictures of horses, and Miss Kemp-Welch can paint them with a degree of knowledge and sympathy that very few can excel.



MISS LUCY KEMP-WELCH, R.B.A.

THESE ARE THE FIRST LADIES TO BE ELECTED TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

*Photograph by Haines, Milman Road, W.*



*"A General Joke"*  
at Bexhill-on-Sea.

There is no doubt that Bexhill-on-Sea is waking up, even as its breezes wake up the Londoner or any other citizen who is run-down. During the last few days, Bexhill has applied for and obtained permission to become a Corporation, for which it has sent on to the Home Office the hundred-and-six-pounds-odd necessary for the preliminary expenses of the letters patent. Moreover, Bexhill, in order to make itself blither than hitherto, not only started its concert season at its cosy little Kursaal and Club-rooms, but it also started them with a brand-new comic opera, or rather, burlesque comic opera. This "go-as-you-please" play was written by Mr. Arthur Sturgess, and set to music by Mr. James M. Glover, who is the sole director of the Bexhill Kursaal and of its band, as he is of Old Drury's orchestra. The piece was called "A General Joke," and was described as "an operatic-musical-comedyish skit." The prologue was laid in the Manager's office of the Frivolity Theatre, and showed the whole strength of that theatre's Company assembled the morning after the production of a modern musical play. These players are hidden behind different newspapers, and are engaged in reading the notices of the new piece. The notices are terrible indeed, but the Manager, saucily made up to represent a certain great London musical-play producer, is equal to the occasion. By dint of cutting out most of the original songs and substituting fresh ones, by dropping more dances, by working up the tenor and baritone characters, by transforming the English heroine into a Scotch part, by causing a discontented super to represent all the different forms of choristers who are absent, by casting himself *pro tem.* for a village idiot, and by subsequently calling in several librettists and composers to prepare entirely new first and second Acts, that Manager contrives to rehearse the new musical piece, formerly called "The Rightful Heir," into a comic opera.

It will be easily imagined that all these sweeping cuts and transpositions, and the complaints and complexities to which they

give rise, afford good scope for employing the histrions engaged and for merrily mystifying the audience. The said audience, both visitors and natives, laughed heartily and applauded vociferously both the author's and composer's *faites* and *gestes* and the lively fooling of the players. Among the most successful of these were Miss Lalor Shiel, one of our liveliest soubrettes, as the Leading Lady, afterwards the Scotch heroine ("with accent kindly lent by the firm of J. M. Barrie, Crockett, and Co."); Mr. Eustace Ponsonby as the celebrated London

Manager (with two or three more songs than are necessary); Mr. W. Morgan as a Critic (a part that, if retained, needs working up); Mr. Fred Emney, very droll as the Dodderer (afterwards the Elderly Nurse); Mr. Charles Le Sueur as the Timorous Tenor; and especially Mr. Algernon Newark as the Discontented Super (afterwards Wholesale Understudy). This unique impersonator breaks out into all sorts of realistic imitations of leading London actors, and all are worked cleverly into the scheme of the skit. With certain revisions on its own account, this travestie of the strange revisions that have to take place in musical plays should have a prosperous career around the seaside theatres, pier pavilions, and so forth—not to mention London, where, in a compressed form, it should be of great utility as an after-piece. Mr. Glover's future bookings at the Bexhill Kursaal include "The Wearing o' the Green" (musical drama), "San Toy," and Mr. George Grossmith and Mr. Dan Leno with their respective quaint recitals.

The present rage for reprints occasionally leads to disagreeable incidents. A well-known London

firm recently prepared ten thousand copies of "The Mill on the Floss," which goes out of copyright this year. Unfortunately, they were too previous. Their reprint was in the market some weeks before the copyright had run out. According to the law, I believe that the whole edition was forfeited to Messrs. Blackwood, the original owners of the copyright; but an arrangement was made on the basis of a money payment. Within the last ten years, publishers have been far more jealous of their copyrights than they used to be.



MISS NANCY PRICE, NOW PLAYING ATHENE IN "ULYSSES,"  
AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

*Photograph by Wyrall and Son.*



MISS HALL CAINE, WHO IS AT THE KENNINGTON THEATRE THIS  
WEEK IN A NEW PLAY ENTITLED "A WOMAN OF IMPULSE."

*Photograph by Draycott, London.*



MISS FANNY WARD (MRS. "JOE" LEWIS), PLAYING IN  
"THE LITTLE FRENCH MILLINER," AT THE AVENUE.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.*



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*Réjane and Antoine.*

I have reason for believing that Réjane will leave the Vaudeville and throw in her lot with Antoine, the happy manager who knows only success (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). Such a change would suit Réjane well. Antoine changes his programme almost thrice a-week, and, accordingly, it is an ideal life for the artistes, who are very highly salaried and who have a reasonable amount of repose. By the way, Réjane has deserted the famous mules of the King of Portugal for an automobile, but things have been going wrong with the works of her dainty Juggernaut.

*Cantabs at Paris.*

The semi-official Cambridge University team that defeated the French Racing Club at the Parc des Princes were astounded at the advance France is making in the English national winter game. Mr. F. W. Odgers, of Trinity College, who captained the team, told me that the improvement during the last few years was astounding; but he protested that the right game was not played, and English teams were nonplussed. He particularly instanced the indifference to the rules relating to the ball when it had been once held.

*Novel Civil Warfare.*

I have lying before me an invitation from M. Oscar Metenier to attend a performance of his "Casque d'Or," at the Robinière, which is under the shadow of the Opera, and at which the famous modern Helen of Ruffianism of a Lutetian Troy is engaged to appear. The whole thing seems like a nightmare. A whole neighbourhood was given up to two bands of armed assassins, who fought for her beauty, and established a new school of crime. To-day the Parisian reads with slight emotion that the "Panthers" of the Batignolles are out, and that during the night, in a desperate revolver-battle with the "Apaches" of Vincennes, three were killed, fifteen wounded, and sixty made prisoners by the police.

*The Modern Truands.*

These bands are not ordinary criminals, but are the Truands that Jean Richepin described in his study of the fifteenth-century life in his brilliant play at the Odéon three years ago. They are outlaws, by inclination and destiny. As a rule, they are the finest-looking young fellows in a populous quarter, and every one has his pseudonym, which is generally of a picturesque and even poetic character. It is very difficult to enter one of the bands, and, once entered, Freemasonry knows no oaths such as these blackguards have to swear to. They are immediately branded with a caustic pencil or tattooed, so that they cannot escape from one band to another. A revolver of heavy calibre and a dagger are issued to every member, and then the officers are selected in a formal manner that would suggest a meeting of a Board of Guardians. The voting-papers are placed in an urn, and the elected chiefs return thanks in dignified language. From that moment these armed and organised bands defy the police and terrorise the tradesfolk, who at the pain of their life dare not denounce them. Meanwhile, the wealthier blackguards who frequent the boulevards and who are in league with them supply the money for barristers of the first order when some of them are arrested.

I was pleased to see the very cordial reception that Miss Lily Harold, "Gommeuse Anglaise," had at Olympia, at her début. There

was a charm in her method which contrasted very pleasantly with the wild dancing that has too frequently been given by English artistes as typical of our national idea of gaiety. Congratulations!

*Marion Crawford.*

I was surprised when I met Mr. Marion Crawford to-day down at Sarah Bernhardt's théâtre. He had been supervising the rehearsals of "Francesca da Rimini," and was very happy with the enthusiasm of Sarah for the work. As we drove back together, the brilliant author told me that he could count the days that he had been in England during the last twenty years on his fingers. "Southern Italy was to him a paradise." Marion Crawford is a burly man, almost Horse Guards Blue in his gait, but, I should imagine, of very delicate temperament. Although the day was mild, and a jacket was sufficient for the ordinary man, he buttoned up his overcoat to the cheek-bones, and then seemed chilly. His play that Sarah will produce in London was written in English and handed over to Marcel Schwob to translate, and he has done it in masterly style. Schwob, it will be remembered, was responsible for Sarah's "Hamlet."

*Sarah's Perpetual Youth.*

At the same time that I met Mr. Marion Crawford I had the pleasure—the exquisite pleasure—of chatting with Sarah Bernhardt. It takes years off your age to see Sarah. The last time I saw her she was about twenty, and now she was only sixteen. One thing I learned from her own lips, and that is that the cranks who make out that she owes her perpetual youth to very limited sleep are entirely in the wrong. The theatre over, she delights in two or three glasses of beer, and then for a solid nine hours of sleep, and pity help the servant who disturbs her. She looks forward to her approaching London season, with its contingent Coronation fêtes, as a very big event in an eventful life.

*The Play-bill.* "L'Archiduc Paul," at the Gymnase, is many removes from a success. It is a comedy of a kind that only those of the Quartier Marbeuf can understand. I am positive I could mention the name of the rider at the Nouveau Cirque who figures so prominently. I even fancy I have seen her photograph in a certain London journal which for the moment shall be nameless.



M. ÉMILE LOUBET, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC WHO IS ABOUT TO VISIT RUSSIA.

Friday was passed in London. All traffic, it seems, was stopped, and then commenced a Fourteenth of July fête. In every square, roundabouts and shooting-galleries were established, and everyone danced, threw confetti, and sang. Public-houses were open day and night, and everyone sober over the age of six was regarded as an anomaly. The Black Mass was celebrated in all quarters. And so is history written.

*President Loubet's Russian Visit.*

President Loubet's forthcoming visit to Russia excites less enthusiasm in Paris than did that of his predecessor. Still, in M. Loubet's native town, Montélimar—the place where the nougat comes from—the greatest excitement prevails. The President remains stoutly loyal to the home of his birth, and an important item of his personal luggage when journeying to Russia will be a huge box filled with the finest make of the honey-sweet for which Montélimar is famed. This will be the President's chief gift to the four little Grand Duchesses.

A certain loneliness induced me to read very carefully in a Parisian journal how Good





### PEOPLE I HATE—AT FIRST-NIGHTS.

**D**ON'T be afraid, my dear Dollie. I am not going to revive the "booing" question, for so many fools have said their say upon it that the theme is quite an uninspiring one from the point of view of your humble Jester. Besides, I don't hate people who boo. Nothing is more satisfactory, after sitting out a thoroughly bad, dull piece, than to hear other people taking upon themselves the odium of candour which I am too sensitive to earn myself. Mind you, I should think the man who boos at a first-night is probably a very unpleasant person in the domestic circle. I should think that, as a boy, he would make unbearable the life of any luckless companion who dared to wear a pair of trousers with a patch in the seat. I can imagine that, as a youth, he would twit his sisters because their plainness made it exceedingly unlikely that they would ever rise from the ranks of the great unknissed. I am sure that, as a man, he would tell his wife exactly how old she looked after a night spent in soothing the twin-babies. For all that, however, I do not hate the beast, because he sometimes, as I say, gives me pleasure. (Whether I dislike him or not is another matter.)

No. The people I hate at first-nights are not the hooters in the gallery, the students in the pit, the suburbanians in the upper-circle, or the members of the profession in the dress-circle. They have their powers of annoyance, I doubt not, but, luckily enough, they do not get the opportunity of exercising them upon me. With the denizens of the stalls, however, it is different. For an average of seven hours a-week all the year round, I am completely at their mercy. Theirs it is to jostle me; to bore me, to deafen me, to tread on my toes, to talk across me, to breathe down the back of my neck, to stare rudely at me through lorgnettes. And; as regularly as bad plays fail, and I am invited to see more bad ones produced, the occupants of the stalls go on doing these things.

I have no hesitation in saying that the people I hate most are those who whisper and talk aloud whilst the play is being performed. You will say, perhaps, that; if a man happens to have a dull wife, he is bound to explain to her the action of the piece and the points of the dialogue as the play proceeds. I admit that your point is a good one, but do not imagine for one moment that I am unable to controvert it.



"DON'T FORGET, THURSDAY AT FOUR!"

(On the contrary, I hold that the man stands doubly condemned, (a) for having been such a fool as to marry a dull wife, and (b) for taking her to the theatre when he has married her. I am aware, of course, that dulness does not, at present, constitute a legal ground for

divorce, but he might, at least, lead the poor thing gently to the Hippodrome, or the Aquarium, or some other place of entertainment where he could explain things to her without disturbing other people.

But the patient husband is not the worst kind of talker at first-nights. The obloquy of that designation must be reserved for the lady who comes to these functions not because she cares a teaspoonful of arrowroot about the play or the players, but merely to be seen and, incidentally, to see. One would not object to her bowings and noddings and hand-wavings and chatterings, if she would be content to confine her antics to the intervals. But, Lord love you! She keeps it up even when the dramatic situation is at its most intense point—when the actor and the actress are tearing their souls to shreds in the passion of the moment, when the wretched author is seeking relief from the agony of suspense by driving his finger-nails into the palms of his hands, when the very attendants in the doorways are gaping at the stage in complete forgetfulness of chocolate and ices. Imagine what it is, at such a moment as this; to have some bare-backed creature in front of you turning round and whispering over your shoulder to a friend behind, "Don't forget, Thursday at four! Bring your Ping-Pong racket!"

In comparison with such an one, the jostlers, the purveyors of tiny talk between the Acts, the heavy-footed brigade, the hard-breathers, the lorgnette nuisances, and the rest are comparatively harmless. At the same time, I hate them all. For why should they behave in this manner? I'm sure I don't bang people on the inside of the knee as I get to my seat; if I talk between the Acts, I generally content myself with a remark on the very poor quality of the play; it is very rarely, I feel sure, that I tread on anyone's toes; I can't imagine myself breathing down the back of a gentleman's or lady's neck, and I'll take my oath I shall never so far forget my early training as to glare at a total stranger through a pair of eye-glasses on a stick. Then why, I want to know, should other people be allowed to do all these things and go unscathed? Why

don't we band together and murder them some night—a night when the wind is high and the rain beats down and the world is plunged in darkness black as ink? Ach! My fingers itch for their silly throats!

But perhaps you will tell me, Dollie dear, that I am fortunate in being able to exercise the privilege of the male playgoer and go out between the Acts. If you talk in this way, it will be because you do not know with how many hateful people one is forced into contact whilst struggling for a drink at the bar or shielding a cigarette in the foyer. But I, for my transgressions, am very well acquainted with the various types of *entr'acte* bores. There is, for example, the amateur critic of pronounced views and modest demeanour, who, after leading you on to give him your opinion of the play, proceeds to prove to you in the most guileless manner possible that you are hopelessly wrong on every point. There is the loud-voiced, personal man, whose delight it is to seek you out in a crowded place, slap you on the back by way of drawing the attention of the bystanders to what he is going to say, and then ask you, in a quasi-jocular manner, how on earth you managed to get home that morning without being run in.

On a musical-comedy night, one may always expect to meet, between the Acts, quite a crowd of tight-trousered, red-skinned young sporting gents, who call each other by nicknames, grin like dogs, and run about the corridors. I haven't the least idea, by the way, why musical-comedy managements invite the Press to their first performances. I have seldom seen a notice of a new Gaiety or Daly piece which did not advise me to wait three weeks before going to the show. If I were Mr. George Edwardes, I should always invite the newspaper experts to the twenty-second performance.

Talking of the Press, I think that, taking them all round, the best-behaved people at first-nights are the critics. They neither boo nor hiss; they come early and wait until the fall of the final curtain; they are ever alert, courteous, intelligent, and have the courage of their opinions. There! Now I must wind up this letter, dear Dollie, and get on with my play.



Chicost





MISS HILDA ANTONY, PLAYING IN "BLUE-BELL IN FAIRYLAND,"  
AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.*



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*The Royal and Modern Game—Coronation Golf—Banished by Golf—Golf Under Chloroform—Eight Hours' Day for Players—Colonel Bogey as an Opponent—Flannelled Folly.*

CORONATION golf was formally inaugurated by the Oxford and Cambridge match of last month—I say “Coronation,” for be it known to all men by these presents that the word is to be prefixed to every substantive used by every writer or public speaker for the next ten weeks. And it may be coronationally asserted that the coming season will be coronational in its interest and success. There will be the Amateur Championship at Hoylake on the 24th, the Ladies' Tournament at Deal, and—for the first time since golf was invented—an international match between England and Scotland. Handicaps testify to the improving standard of play by becoming steadily lower, while new links are constantly opening-up the vast unoccupied prairies of the English agricultural districts.

A match has recently been played on the battlefield of Busaco, and why should not this method of commemorating the great military feats of history be followed up? A suburban Golf Club of Brussels may soon be able to look around and observe (literally), “It was here the field of Waterloo was won,” and an expert gaze from the heights of Balaklava upon a struggle proceeding down below and exclaim, with contempt, “It is magnificent, but it is not golf!” The game is, of course, the centre of social life at Cannes and other Continental resorts from which the enthusiast is only now returning, for he has to banish himself during the cold weather as rigorously as if he were consumptive.

Even at “the Front” the rabid golfer has not allowed an incident like the War to interfere too seriously with his sport. “9 a.m., breakfast; 10.30, a battle; had a bath and played golf,” was found entered in the diary of a subaltern of Yeomanry stationed at a block-house, who, tired of “driving” Delarey and trying to “approach” De Wet, improvised a club out of a rifle and a ball out of a pom-pom shell, and used the barbed wire as a hazard. Poor fellow! He was eventually bunkered in the middle of a game by a Boer bullet through the chest, but was just able to murmur “Two to play” (as a note for future reference) before taking chloroform, under which he very nearly “holed out” on the last green of all.

A provincial constituency talks of running a golf candidate for Parliament, and why not? Candidates for the approaching elections in France are severely questioned on their attitude towards automobilism, the Federated Parliament of Australia has been convulsed about a suggested legislative cricket-pitch, and a politician has been known to make a thousand runs in a season purely to court popularity in a sporting district for the General Election, in which a “duck's egg” would have been a more formidable weapon in the hands of his opponents than the customary decomposed hen's variety. It is all very wrong, of course (*vide* the works of Rudyard Kipling), but there is no reason why a candidate should not be cross-examined as to his views on the half-volley question at Ping-Pong or his willingness to promote legislation favouring the manufacturers of bats and nets.

I speak with but a very casual acquaintance with the game, though I presented myself some time ago with a set of golf-clubs as a slight mark of approbation of my dignified behaviour during the past year, and frequently set out to practise at five in the morning, out of reverence for the caddies. It is generally about lunch-time before I am round, and the same parties have passed me two or three times, with words of encouragement, while the professional is engaged in silent prayer at the Clubhouse window. My caddy is specially selected for his stupidity (for nothing is so embarrassing as paying threepence a round to an infinitely better player than oneself) and bribed to secrecy; at sunset, when I complete my second round, he is commonly so faint with exhaustion and exposure that I decorate him with the Distinguished Service Order for his endurance, carrying with it a substantial pecuniary award.

My average score is, I don't know what—two or three hundred at least; that self-satisfied Colonel Bogey leaves me behind at the first hole, and thenceforward I make observations on the worthlessness of his moral character and insufferable arrogance. The Londoner has really little chance of practising the game unless he can afford the necessary two hours' travelling on one of our alleged suburban railway systems to a distant county and almost permanent separation from his wife and family. Space is money, and a contemporary questions whether the low rent and subscriptions of the out-of-the-way links are not counterbalanced by the prohibitive time spent in reaching them. Would it not be worth while making open spaces of the Houses of Parliament and the Abbey for the purpose as an experiment, or abolishing some of our military barracks and laying out links on the site, with Mr. Kipling as President?

HILL ROWAN.

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* is on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

## MADAME MELBA'S LONDON HOME.

LONDON, with its fog and smoke, would scarcely seem a fitting place for the home of a great prima donna, but, nevertheless, Madame Melba has chosen it as her headquarters, and it is now two or three years since she took up her residence at 30, Great Cumberland Place, the beautiful house originally owned by Mrs. Hwfa Williams.

Lying so high, and in so delightful a position, bordering, as it were, right on the Park, it is little wonder that this spacious Avenue is so popular and fashionable, the houses now being at a big premium and most difficult to secure. Madame Melba's is in the centre of the Crescent. Here she is at home during the London Season, and here she delights to rest during the few weeks in the year she is free from professional engagements.

Apart from its beauty, there is an individual charm and character about the house which, though it would be difficult to put into words, strikes the eye very forcibly upon entering. Plenty of light and fresh air seems to be encouraged everywhere, and the natural outcome is a general air of brightness rarely found in a London house situated within a stone's-throw of the busy purlieus of Oxford Street. The whole



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MADAME MELBA.  
By Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

house is furnished in the most perfect taste, with a scrupulousness of detail to be found only in the homes of those interested in household decoration. Everything has been chosen by Madame Melba herself.

To the right of the hall are the library and the dining-room, a most beautiful pair of rooms, with ornate carved white walls and furniture in the old French style of gilt frames upholstered in green satin damask, and curtains and carpets of a harmonising tint. Above, the music-room leads into the drawing-room, a veritable *chef d'œuvre*, to the beauty and luxury of which no photograph can do justice. The scheme of colouring is pink and the style of furniture Louis Quinze. There are many beautiful *bibels* in this room, and scattered around one notices autographed photographs in gold frames of the King and Queen of England, the King of Sweden, the King of Saxony, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Cadogan, and many other distinguished persons, including Verdi and Gounod. In the music-room is a magnificent bust of Madame Melba, executed by Bertram Mackennal, the Australian-born sculptor, the original of which she presented to the Melbourne National Gallery. The piano here is a Bechstein grand. From the drawing-room we pass to the boudoir, a charming apartment, with its exquisite furniture and walls of old-rose panelled in white. Perhaps this is the most interesting of the rooms, for here are some of Madame Melba's most valuable souvenirs and curios, in the shape of medals, clocks, watches, and vinaigrettes, rich with silver and gold and emeralds and diamonds. Every article upon the writing-table is of tortoiseshell, with “Melba” in gold written across. Madame Melba's bedroom is as charming as the rest of the house. The bed is a genuine Louis Quinze. It was the bed of the Dauphin of France, and was slept on by that ill-fated Prince the night before he was taken to the Conciergerie. The cover is heavily and most beautifully embroidered. The dressing-table, with its gilt accessories, is draped in old-rose coloured satin with hangings of antique lace.

Within easy access of the hall by a short cut across the leads at the back of the dining-room are the stables, which I visited, and here, with evident pride, the coachman brought out and exhibited to me the three beautiful horses, remarking, as he did so, that he would soon have to make room for an automobile which Madame had ordered to be built for her. In going back to the house and re-entering the spacious hall, I felt I should like yet another peep at the library, the delicious coolness and quiet repose of which had much impressed me on my first look-round, and I also wanted to see what Madame Melba read. That she is a lover of books is evident, and I should judge her taste to be fairly catholic, for in the charming white bookcases one sees such contrasts as the works of Balzac, Thackeray, Dickens, Kipling, Anthony Hope, &c.



MADAME MELBA'S HOUSE IN GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE, W.



THE MUSIC-ROOM.



THE DINING-ROOM.



THE BOUDOIR.



THE DRAWING-ROOM.



PART OF MADAME MELBA'S BEDROOM.



ANOTHER PART OF MADAME MELBA'S BEDROOM.

*Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IT is by this time perfectly clear that we shall have a quiet spring in the literary and publishing worlds. The publishers think that the months during which spring books sell best will this year be monopolised by the Coronation. There need be little hesitation in predicting that Dr. Conan Doyle's "Hound of the Baskervilles" will be the book of the season. Many of us can repeat the affecting lines of Mr. Pett Ridge—

I could not love thee, Doyle, so much,  
Loved I not Sherlock more.

The one possible fault to be found with "The Hound of the Baskervilles" is that we have too much Watson and too little Sherlock. I am sure that Dr. Doyle did not intend to represent Watson as an amiable idiot, but the contrast between him and Sherlock is so strong as to leave this impression. And so we find Watson managing affairs in "The Hound of the Baskervilles" for several chapters. We are oppressed with the feeling that everything is going wrong. Happily, Sherlock reappears, but, alas, at that stage there are few pages of the book left. It is easy, however, to make criticisms. The striking and undeniable fact is Dr. Doyle's unapproachable supremacy in this kind of work. "The Hound of the Baskervilles" might conceivably have been done better, but no living man except the author could have done it at all, or come within sight of doing it.

Mr. Leonard Merrick has not yet come to his own among English readers, although I am told that few books in the Tauchnitz Edition are more popular than his. His new story, "When Love Flies Out of the Window" (C. Arthur Pearson), is remarkable for its speed, its brightness, its strength, and its living interest. It is a book to be read with a rush. There is nothing particularly new about it, and the plot is as simple as it can be. It is a story of a struggling actress and a struggling novelist marrying in haste and repenting at leisure. The author fails, the actress goes on the stage again; the husband cannot bear to see her on the stage and does not like to live on her earnings. The result is fretting and bickering, ending in a temporary separation. The actress goes to America and has a great success. The novelist goes to America also to see one of his plays produced in New York. He arrives to find his play and his wife both triumphant, and the result is a reconciliation. There is not much in this, but Mr. Merrick tells the story with such relish, vivacity, and insight as to entrance his readers.

Sir Walter Besant's Autobiography, which has been published by Messrs. Hutchinson, is interesting, of course, but scarcely satisfactory.

It was written at a time when the distinguished author was in bad health and suffering much. It is neither so expansive nor so genial as might have been expected. It has also, if I mistake not, been carefully edited. Nevertheless, it has an interest of its own. Sir Walter Besant was a man fully aware of the disadvantages as well as of the advantages of a literary career. He was sensitive, unfavourable criticism hurt him, and he did not accept with equanimity the decline that took place in the sales of his books, though he was cheered by the success of one or two of his last productions. Still, with whatever drawbacks, literature was the only career in which he could have been really happy. He tells us himself that he was a man of untiring

industry, not happy when he was not working. He could not spend an afternoon in the Club smoking-room or the two hours before dinner in a Club library, or the whole morning in pottering about a garden. In the evening after dinner he went to his study to look over his proofs, hunt up points, and arrange for the next day's work. The great part of his day he spent in solitude busy with his tasks. He wrote fiction for three or four hours, and the rest of the time he devoted to his great and unhappily incomplete book on London. It is much to be hoped that the result of his labours on this great subject can yet be utilised by Messrs. A. and C. Black, the publishers, who spared no pains and no expense in furthering the author's object. The Autobiography leaves the particulars of the co-operation between himself and James Rice as much in the dark as ever. It scarcely does justice to Sir Walter Besant's great kindness and generosity. It may be doubted whether any literary man of our time gave so lavishly of his time, his labour, and his money in the service of his fellow-workers.

Nothing is more mysterious than the American booms in books. The latest is Miss Johnston's "Audrey," a novel which, if it had appeared in England, would, perhaps, have

circulated to the extent of two thousand copies. The American sale is something like a hundred and fifty thousand.

Lucas Malet has, apparently, been inspired by the great success of "Sir Richard Calmady." Though she is not a rapid writer, she has made such good progress with her new book as makes it practically certain it will be ready next year. Lucas Malet is accustomed to say that she works best on a large canvas, and certainly her longer novels have been her best. Miss Cholmondeley, on the other hand, has no present thought of following up "Red Pottage." She says it will be years before she completes another long novel. A book of short stories from her pen may, however, be expected. O. O.



MR. CHARLES HAWTREY "RESTING."



THE SCENIC ARTISTS OF LONDON.



MR. HAWES CRAVEN,  
AT WORK ON A SCENE FOR SIR HENRY IRVING'S REVIVAL OF "FAUST," AT THE LYCEUM.  
*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.*

## CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD.

HISTORY is just repeating itself in the case of Captain Basil Hood, the clever author of "Merrie England," at the Savoy, and "My Pretty Maid," at Terry's, for last year at this time he was about to have "The Emerald Isle" given to the public at the Savoy, and "Sweet and Twenty" at the Vaudeville. Even with the multiplication of the West-End theatres, it has been comparatively rare of late for an author to be represented at two houses at the same time. For a dramatist, however, to have two *premieres* at an interval of only three or four days is possibly unprecedented, so that Captain Hood may almost be taken to be his own parallel. It need hardly be added that the exception to the rule of two plays by one author is to be found at the moment, for Mr. Stephen Phillips is represented at Her Majesty's and at the St. James's, and "Ulysses" and "Paolo and Francesca" had their initial performances within a few weeks of each other.

In so far as a worker may be said to owe anything to the man who gives him his first chance, Captain Hood owes his introduction to the theatre as an author to the late Sir Augustus Harris, who produced an operetta, called "The Gypsies," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre before "Blue-Eyed Susan." It is worth recalling to-day that in that unpretentious trifle, which played little over half-an-hour, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, one of our most brilliant comédiennes, made an early appearance. What induced Captain Hood to write that play it would probably be difficult for him to say at the present time. He had then no connection with letters other than that love which is the mark of every cultured man. As a matter of fact, he was hard at work in the Army, for which he subsequently did one or two burlesques, although he was by no means given to writing *en amateur*.

His final break with the Army and his decision for dramatic writing came about in an appropriately dramatic fashion. He had written "Gentleman Joe" for Mr. Arthur Roberts, and, while rehearsing at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, he received orders that he was to join a certain battalion in Burma. To get an exchange was impossible, and the question was whether he should leave the direction of his play or throw up the Army. It was, as he has been heard to say, "the biggest gamble of his life," and that can be readily understood. If his play succeeded, everyone, he knew, would applaud his cleverness; while, if it failed, the same people would, no doubt, denounce him in the uncomplimentary language usual on such occasions. Captain Hood's decision was made and his papers were sent in the day before "Gentleman Joe" was produced. It was a happy decision, for we have not in the theatrical world too many writers of dainty grace with the charm of simplicity and the strength which is the accompaniment of simplicity. The Army's loss has in this case been the Stage's gain.

Captain Hood's association with the Savoy began in the most flatteringly delightful way possible. When the success of "Gentleman Joe" led to the evolution of "The French Maid" and its successful production, Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote a note to Captain Hood and asked him to furnish the libretto for the opera he was to do for the house which was associated with his name. The result of that collaboration was "The Rose of Persia." Few people are, however, aware that comic opera did not by any means represent the whole scheme of the composer and his librettist. They decided to do a grand opera together, and, as a matter of fact, Captain Hood finished his libretto, while, although Sir Arthur had made a good many notes for the music, death cut short the possibility of the scheme being carried into effect. The subject of the opera was to be "St. Cecilia," and it was a singular coincidence that Sir Arthur died on St. Cecilia's Day.

Having taken Mr. Gilbert's place at the Savoy, Captain Hood dominates the production of his work, as Mr. Gilbert used to do. He is his own stage-manager and producer, though certain of the work must, of necessity, be done by other hands under his direction. If he is exceedingly modest in the way he speaks of his work, Captain Hood is no less exceedingly generous in the way in which he gives credit to those who carry out his designs.

## "MY PRETTY MAID," AT TERRY'S.

MR. EDWARD TERRY'S periodical returns to his own theatre are always events of importance to your true London playgoer. This time, his re-entry possesses additional interest from the fact that the play he has chosen for that laudable purpose is by Captain Basil Hood, author of the new Savoy opera, "Merrie England," and is, again, the second new play of his produced in one week. His previous "double-event" was the production of "The Emerald Isle," at the Savoy, and of "Sweet and Twenty," at the Vaudeville, within a few days of each other. Still further interest is manifested in Mr. Terry's newest production, on account of Captain Hood having in "Sweet and Twenty" for the first time proved himself a skilful and dainty worker in a thoroughly wholesome form of comedy of which we have of late years seen far too little.

"My Pretty Maid"—which, owing to the exigencies of time and space, must of necessity be more fully noticed in our next—may, in a manner, be Darwinianly described as a Reversion to Type. For example, its theme reminds one in some measure of "Our Boys," which proved its inherent humanity by delighting audiences in London and the provinces for five consecutive years, and has lately taken on a fresh lease of touring life with Mr. Thomas Thorne, the original Talbot Champneys in the late David James's original character of the Buttermilk, Perkyn Middlewick.

Now, there is a kind of Middlewick in "My Pretty Maid," although he is not a Buttermilk. He is a parvenu named Barclay, and he is represented by that clever comedian, Mr. W. H. Denny. Barclay is anxious for his son Jack (Mr. C. M. Hallard) to rise to the higher education in order to pose among the swells. "Instead of which" (as the Judge said to the man accused of stealing ducks), Jack falls in love with the poor but pretty Violet Fanshawe, enacted by the charming Miss Sybil Carlisle. On learning of Jack's penchant, Barclay *père* resolves, like Sir Anthony Absolute, never to call his son "Jack" again. As a matter of fact, this sometime "Roman father" turns his son out neck-and-crop, as the saying is, and much pathos results.

The storm and stress thus brought upon the young couple causes much heart-burning to Violet's guardian, a quaint and lovable elderly schoolmaster, one Robert Fanshawe, M.A., of the "Grange" School. This character is, of course, cut out to fit Mr. Edward Terry, who excels in eccentric characters of the winsomely humorous sort.

Before "all concerned" arrive at that "happy ending" which, happily, is still to be found in some plays, "Winter has changed to Spring, Spring merged into Summer, and Summer ripened into Harvest," each gradation being realistically indicated both by author

and actors and by the scenic artist. Next week, I hope to speak in fuller detail not only of the play, but also of the players, which include, in addition to those named above, Mr. F. Kerr, Mr. Hubert Willis, Master Cyril Smith, and Misses Gracie Leigh and Dido Drake. "My Pretty Maid" is preceded by Mrs. Oscar Beringer's clever little Dickens adaptation, "The Holly-Tree Inn."

On Easter Tuesday the Lord Mayor presented the Easter gifts to the boys of Christ's Hospital, and, this being the last occasion on which this ancient ceremony will take place at the Mansion House, in consequence of the removal of the school to Horsham, a large audience was present to hear the eloquent address of the City's Chief Magistrate. With the migration of the Grecians, Junior Grecians, and Monitors into Sunny Sussex, one of the few surviving picturesque features still left to London Town will vanish, and though, doubtless, for sanitary and pecuniary reasons, the removal of the lads to Horsham was both wise and necessary, few of those whose steps took them occasionally through Newgate Street but will regret the disappearance of the blue-coated, yellow-stockinged lads the strains of whose military band made the echoes of the old edifice resound and attracted crowds of gazers. London is being improved in all directions, but the improvements are in a sense to be regretted. The "Spital Sermon" was delivered by the Bishop of St. Albans.



MISS SYBIL CARLISLE, WHO PLAYS THE NAME-PART IN  
"MY PRETTY MAID," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

VII.—CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD.



"GOOD-MORNING. EXCUSE MY FATAL HABIT."



"DO SIT DOWN. I'LL CLEAR A SPACE SOMEWHERE."



"THIS IS MY REFERENCE LIBRARY."



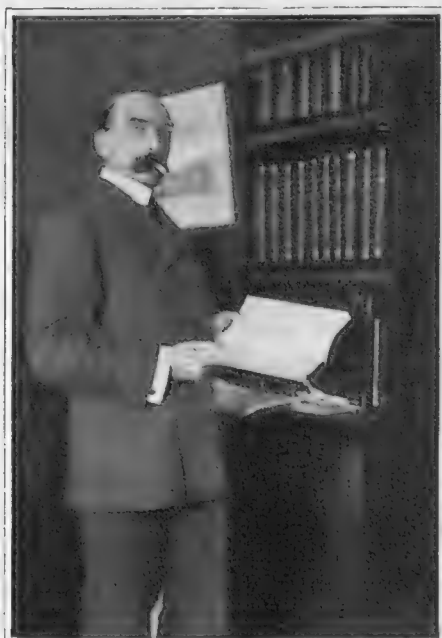
"HERE YOU SEE ME THINKING OUT IDEAS."



"THEN I MAKE A VERY FULL SCENARIO."



"FINALLY, I WRITE THE PLAY—AT ANOTHER DESK."



"THIS IS THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE FIRST PIECE I WROTE—'GENTLEMAN JOE.'"



"THE LAST BATON THAT SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN USED."



"I HAVE OFTEN FOUGHT WITH THIS SWORD—AT ALDERSHOT."



## A LITTLE SPRING SERENADE.

Doves are cooing,  
 Mavis wooing,  
 Pipes his suing  
     To his mate;  
 Buds are breaking,  
 Winds are waking,  
 Music making  
     At thy gate!  
     All things living,  
     Far and nigh,  
 Love are giving—  
     Why not I?

Blossoms tender,  
 To their Sender,  
 Homage render,  
     Perfume fling!  
 Swallows hover,  
 And discover  
 Earth's true lover  
     Is the spring!  
     Nature raises  
     Carols true,  
 In Love's praises—  
     Why not you?

Love is calling,  
 All enthralling,  
 Rain soft falling,  
     Clouds that drift;  
 Leaves that quiver,  
 Sea and river  
 Praise Love's giver  
     For the gift!  
     All things show it,  
     Love is free;  
 All hearts know it—  
     Why not we?

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

R. Gossop





MISS IRENE VANBRUGH IN "THE PRINCESS'S NOSE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.  
THIS IS THE "NEW NÉGLIGÉ" WITH WHICH THE PRINCESS ENDEAVOURS TO RE-FASCINATE HER ERRING HUSBAND.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



MISS MARGARET FRASER.

*Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.*





MISS LILY BRAYTON.

*Photograph by Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.*



MISS QUEENIE LEIGHTON AS ROBIN HOOD.

*Photograph by Durhams, Limited, Leeds.*





## THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

### "THE ORLOFF COUPLE."

IT is only within the last year or two that English readers have heard of Görki, the "Tramp Novelist" of Russia. Translations of several of his works have appeared which have had the effect, amongst other things, of exciting a good deal of curiosity about the author, for quite notably his books indicate—or rather, reveal—a strange and fascinating personality. Recently the English newspapers have contained frequent references to the distinguished Russian novelist, and these references are darkly charged with the suggestion of an impending tragedy. The latest of these paragraphs in the Press announces that M. Görki's election as an Honorary Member of the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences (the highest literary distinction in Russia) has been authoritatively declared invalid, and that he has been summoned before a Court of Judicial Inquiry to answer an accusation of having committed a "political crime." The nature of the political crime is not stated, but it may be guessed that his writings are viewed with disfavour and suspicion by the Russian Government. Of late years, owing to his political opinions, Görki has been forbidden to enter St. Petersburg or Moscow. His being summoned before a Court of Judicial Inquiry to answer for a "political crime" marks another and more sinister stage in his career.

Prefaced to "The Orloff Couple" (published by William Heinemann) there is a most interesting Biographical Note, written by Dora B. Montefiore, who, in conjunction with Emily Jakowleff, has translated this book. From this Note we learn that Görki, whose proper name is Alexei Maximovitch Peshkoff, was born in 1869 at Nijni Novgorod, and on both his father's and mother's side he belonged to the people. At the age of nine, he was sent as an errand-boy to a shoemaker. He was next apprenticed to a draughtsman—from whom he ran away. Subsequently he went as a galley-boy on a Volga steamer, where he helped the cook.

The cook was a reader and something of a character; he possessed a small library, which he allowed his galley-boy to read, and it was here that the lad felt the first awakening of literary instinct, though he had always, from the time he left school at nine years old, read everything that fell into his hands. The cook's library contained, among other authors, Nekrassoff; translations of the works of Ann Radcliff; a volume of Sovremennik, whose editor was Tchernishewsky, the translator and commentator of John Stuart Mill; Iskra, and several works in Little Russian; the Lives of the saints and works by some mystical writers; some odd volumes of Dumas, and some Freemasons' literature. This curious collection of miscellaneous writings gave young Peshkoff, now fifteen, a burning desire to obtain some degree of culture, and awoke in him the wish to write. He left the steamer and wandered to Kazan, where he was told free instruction could be obtained. Here, in order to keep himself, he had to enter a bakery at three roubles, or six shillings, a month. . . . He lived amongst the outcasts of society, chopping wood and carrying burdens, earning a living as best he could, and in the intervals of manual work picking up what instruction fell in his way. On leaving Kazan he tried his luck at Tzaritzine, where he worked as a signalman on the railway.

At the age of twenty he returned to his native place to perform the required years of military service, but he was rejected because of his failure to pass the medical examination. Thereafter he sold

"kwass" in the streets, until he managed to get a situation as a clerk in a lawyer's office. But a sedentary occupation did not suit him; the spirit of unrest was in his blood too strongly for that—you can see the same spirit in all his writings. He became a tramp, wandering through South Russia, working one month as a sawyer, the next as a stevedore, lighterman, and so on.

In 1892, he was employed at Tiflis, in the Caucasus, in some railway-engineering shops, and it was about this time that his first story, "Markar Tchoudra," was published; it came out in a local journal. In 1893, he brought out his "Tchelkache," and a year or two later his "Emilia Pilai," which appeared in the *Russky Vedomosti*, an important Moscow newspaper. Much of his work is in the form of short stories, though to call them stories is rather a misnomer, as they might more appropriately be styled studies and sketches—impressionist "bits of life." "The Orloff Couple" can scarcely be termed a story; it is a study. There is nothing in it which can be called a plot, but it is none the less of extraordinary interest.

It is a vivid picture of the daily life of a certain Grischka Orloff, a cobbler, and Matrona, his wife, who assists her husband in his work. The book opens with a description of a fight between the Orloffs—a fight which took place "almost every Saturday just before supper-time," to the immense delight of the neighbourhood. This strikes the low, deep note to which the book is keyed—the squalor, the degradation, the misery, the hopelessness of the Orloffs and the millions like them.

"A regular devil of a life!" Grischka used to say. "Just as if it were bewitched. Whatever was life given us for? Work and weariness, weariness and work. . . ." And after he had been silent for some time, he continued, with a blank look on his face and with downcast eyes, "Well, it was God's decree that my mother should bear me . . . so it's no use complaining about that! Then I learnt my trade. . . . Why was that? . . . Are there not enough cobblers in the world without me? . . . So, then, I became a cobbler. . . . And what next? . . . What good fortune is there for me in that? . . . I sit here in a hole and stitch boots. . . . And, by-and-by, I shall die. There is what they call the cholera in the town. . . . Perhaps it will find us out. . . . Then they will merely say, 'There was once a certain Grigori Orloff, who made boots and who died of cholera.' . . . What sense is there in that? Why is it necessary that I should live, make boots, and die? Eh? . . ."

was once a certain Grigori Orloff, who made boots and who died of cholera. . . . What sense is there in that? Why is it necessary that I should live, make boots, and die? Eh? . . ."

Remembering the kind of life Görki (by the way, "Görki" is a *nom-de-guerre* and means "bitter") has lived, it is not surprising to find his works all more or less concerned with the poor, the unprivileged, the sweated, the submerged. But he throws on his canvas with wonderful artistry his figures and their surroundings. As a teacher, he is a prophet of revolt—"revolt against the dreariness, the monotony, the inhumanity of drudgery, which keeps men and women working at high pressure, like machines, in order that they may be able to earn—just daily bread." As Grischka Orloff says, "And why do we need daily bread? In order to be able to work! And why do we work, but to obtain daily bread! What's the sense of that?" The vein of pessimism in Görki is relieved by a certain spirituality and by a keen appreciation of the beauty of Nature; but, for the most part, his outlook on life is sombre and sad.

ROBERT MACHRAY.



*Maxim Gorki*

MAXIM GÖRKI, THE "TRAMP NOVELIST."

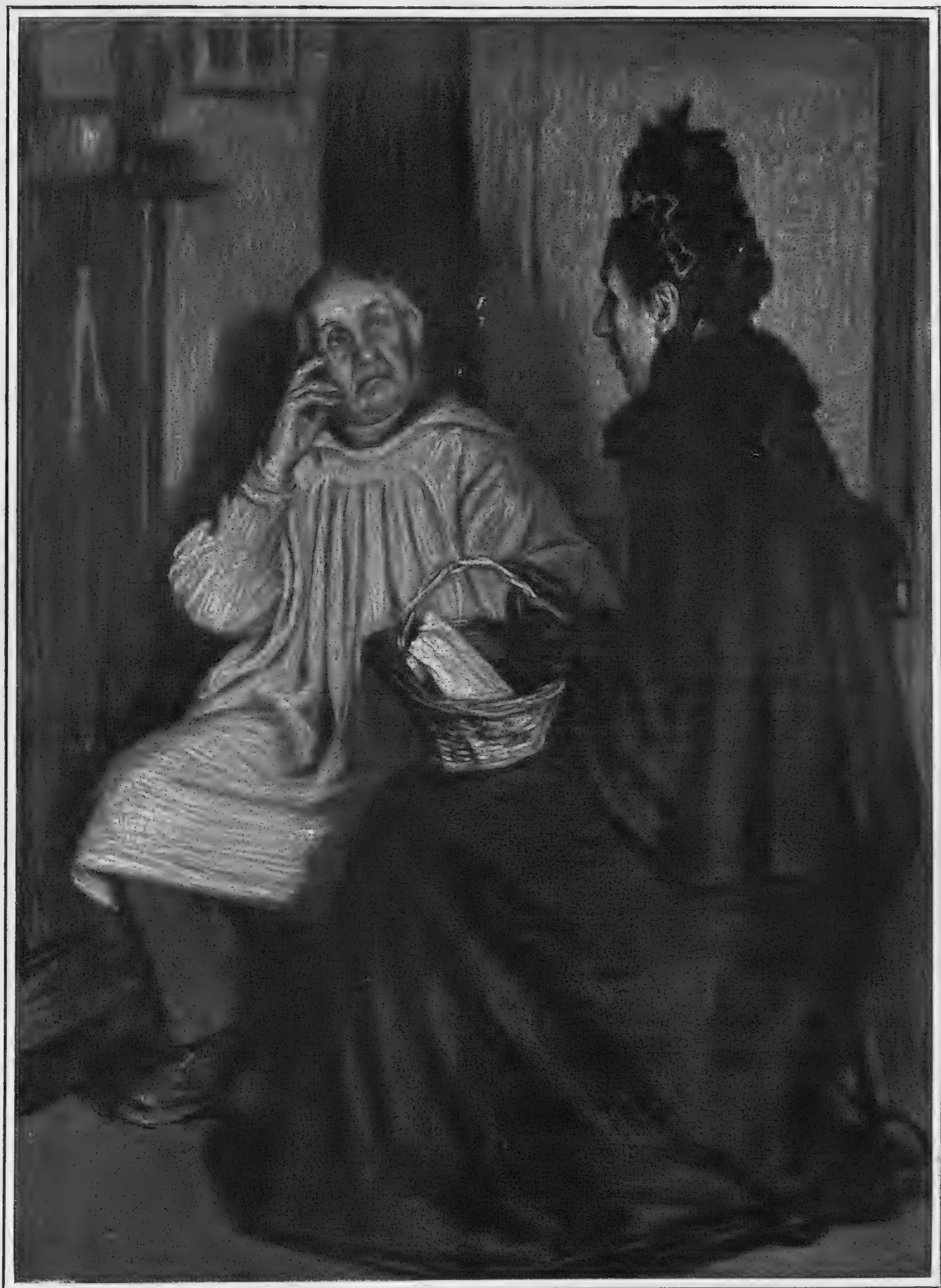
Reproduced by permission from "The Orloff Couple." (W. Heinemann.)



MR. GEORGE ROBEY AS "A PREHISTORIC MAN," AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY PHIL MAY.





"THE DISTRICT VISITOR": A VILLAGE STUDY.

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY GUNNING KING.

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## PHYLLIS, THE MOUSE, AND A BOWLER-HAT.

BY KEBLE HOWARD.

### I.



If you trace the story back to the very beginning, you will find that the original cause of all the trouble was old King Sol. For, had King Sol not taken it into his irresponsible head to get up very early and shine very brightly on that April morning, Phyllis would not have been lured out of her bed into the garden, the Mouse would not have seen the bowler-hat, and this little comedy would never have faced the footlights of Life's stage. But whether King Sol, or Phyllis, or the Mouse was the most to blame, it is not for the mere historian to decide.

When, at six o'clock exactly, Phyllis awoke and saw that her room was full of sunlight, she certainly did not remember that the day was the first of April; indeed, it would have been difficult to remember anything when all the birds in the neighbourhood were singing at the top of their voices, when every hen in the poultry-yard was calling attention to her own particular egg, and when the soft spring breezes, swaying their gentle way round the edges of the curtains, filled the room with the scent of young grass and laughing daffodils.

For two minutes, Phyllis lay in her cosy bed and drank in deep draughts of youth and the sweetness of the budding world. In twenty minutes, she had bathed, shaken out her wayward hair, moulded herself into her whitest frock, and was out on the lawn throwing tiny little pebbles at the Mouse's window.

The Mouse, when the first pebble struck the glass, was dreaming that he and Phyllis were sitting on the top of an extraordinarily high mountain and taking pot-shots at the moon with an air-gun. As a dream, it sounds more than usually contradictory; but, then, it must be borne in mind that the Mouse was one-third a youth and two-thirds a sentimentalist. Sentimentalists, of course, are privileged in the matter of dreams; that is where the law of compensation comes in, since their waking hours are a grim procession of unpleasantly realistic shocks.

Anyhow, with the advent of the second pebble, the Mouse was sitting up in bed rubbing his eyes. For just ten seconds, he was not quite sure whether the mountain and Phyllis had disappeared, but a third bang on the glass assured him that, wherever the old mountain might be, Phyllis herself was in the immediate neighbourhood. The Mouse smiled when he realised that; perhaps it ought to be explained, here and now, that the Mouse and Phyllis were engaged to each other for the blissful waltz that knows no ending. It might also be added, in parenthesis, that they had not the slightest fear of ever getting out of step.

Now, Phyllis had taught the Mouse to believe that he was a "cunning old thing;" and, to do him justice, the Mouse did his level best to live up to the accusation. Instead, therefore, of rushing straightway to the window and pelting his lady-love with hair-brushes and slippers, the cunning one took up a strategic position behind the lace curtain and studied the movements of his delightful enemy with breathless interest.

Phyllis, for her part, soon tired of throwing pebbles. Even when you are clever enough to hit a full-sized window once out of every ten shots, the success of the thing is not very exhilarating unless there is someone to applaud. She felt that she was looking charming, too, so that it was really quite annoying that the Mouse should be steeped in such a disgustingly stertorous slumber.

"Mouse!" she called, softly.

He held his breath for very adoration of her voice, but made no movement except to bang his big toe against the leg of the dressing-table.

"Mouse, dear! Do wake up!"

Still he replied not. As a matter of fact, he was whispering naughty verbs in the imperative mood.

"Mouse, darling!"

The stress on the endearing term was rather too much for him, and, although he spoke not, he gave the lace curtain an involuntary little twitch.

Now, Phyllis, for the very reason that she was in love, was no fool. When she saw the curtain twitch, she knew that the Mouse had been watching her all the time, and, woman-like, her first instinct was one of resentment against the unfortunate youth who had allowed her to give herself away by calling to him three times. Had she been a horrid girl, she would have gone on pleading until he had dressed himself and rushed down to her side. Then she would have punished him by running off alone and throwing a cruel little laugh back at him

over her shoulder. Phyllis, however, was a very nice girl, so, in this predicament, she merely hunched her shoulders, swung on her heel, and marched off into the kitchen-garden.

Before she had gone five yards, the Mouse, realising the enormity of his crime, threw up the window and apologised in his most strenuous Varsity slang. This, of course, was the wrong thing to do, because, when a wise man has offended his lady-love, he always follows up his offence by adopting an attitude of complete indifference. It hurts him to do it, no doubt, but he is amply repaid when his queen, all tears and fond repentance, comes fluttering, humbly, to his arms. Now, the Mouse, although a cunning old thing, was uncommonly youthful, and that was why he informed Phyllis, through the morn-scented air of that April day, that he was beastly sorry.

Phyllis walked on with decision in her gait and indecision in her heart. It would never do, she told herself, to let the Mouse get out of hand; at the same time, it was most aggravating to have to spoil her prank for the sake of a mere principle. Just as she reached the kitchen-garden, however, relief came to her in the shape of a bowler-hat.

### II.

The Mouse, sitting on the window-sill in his pyjamas, suddenly stiffened himself out straight and rubbed his eyes. He had been watching Phyllis's hat over the low wall of the kitchen-garden. At first, it had moved stubbornly and steadily forward; then it had disappeared for a moment; now—was it possible?—it had been joined by a bowler, and the two were obviously engaged in earnest conversation. The question was, which of the many rotters that the Mouse had cut out was underneath the bowler. It could not be Graham, because he was a tall man and his head would have shown. Neither could it be Saunders, because Saunders was the village curate and wore a wideawake. It must be—yes, it must be that vile little beast, Dunn, the doctor's assistant.

The Mouse laughed bitterly, scornfully, as he saw the two hats draw nearer and yet nearer together, until the lips of the wearers must have met in a kiss. To think that, after all her vows and protestations of love, it should come to this! She thought, of course, that she was completely hidden by the wall. Ah, well! he would let her go on thinking that her fickleness had remained undiscovered. He would simply treat her with a cold, calm, cynical disdain; he would be polite, certainly, but no more. Aha! He would show her that he was not the mere boy she thought him. Boy! Already he felt forty, sixty, a hundred years of age.

By the time that he had had his tub, he had become practically reconciled to the fact that his life was over. He almost went the length of putting on a tie he knew she hated and parting his hair at the side instead of, as she preferred it, in the middle. On second thoughts, however, he decided that it would be as well for him to look his best; perhaps she would regret her folly when she saw him in his College boating-colours. So he put on his Eights' tie, adjusted his hair to a nicety, slipped into the suit that she had admired so much yesterday, and went down to breakfast.

During breakfast, he never once glanced in her direction. As he got up from his seat, however, he managed to catch a glimpse of her through the flowers in the centre of the table. To his anger and disgust, she was stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth to prevent herself from laughing aloud. All right; let her laugh. She would not find very much to laugh at when she had married that little cad, Dunn. Perhaps, he had some money, though, and that was the attraction. Faugh! Women were all alike.

Striding haughtily through the French windows into the garden, he crossed the lawn and took the path that led to the arbour at the end of the shrubbery. The place was full of memories of her, but what did he care for that now? His love was dead, dead, dead; beaten and battered out of existence by a—well, by a bally bowler-hat. A book lay open on the little table; she had been reading it before he joined her there yesterday evening before dinner. He shut it up angrily, without marking the place; that would show her whether he valued her love or not. On a chair was her tennis-racket; he picked it up, meaning to throw it out on to the path; then he changed his mind and laid it down on the chair again, gently.

Heigho! What should he do to pass the time? A grand idea! He would smoke. He had promised her never to smoke in the mornings with the exception of one cigarette after breakfast. However, promises didn't matter now. She didn't care about his health now; all she cared about now was that contemptible little worm, Dunn.



For two minutes he sat and puffed at his pipe, staring moodily through the smoke at the gravel-path outside. Then, quite suddenly, he looked up and saw Phyllis approaching. She was coming towards the arbour, but slowly, carelessly, as though she hadn't the least idea that anyone was there. Perhaps she hadn't.

The Mouse looked down at the path again and smoked like a furnace. Phyllis came steadily on until she was almost at the door of the arbour: then she stopped abruptly. The Mouse didn't look up.

There was a little pause until—

"Hello!" said Phyllis.

Puff! puff! puff!

"I didn't know you were here," said Phyllis.

Puff! puff!

"Well, I think you might answer when I speak to you. What are you in a temper about?"

"I'm not in a temper," said the Mouse, quietly, calmly, politely.

"That's a good job," said Phyllis. "You look as if you were."

"Do I?" said the Mouse, with a theatrical little curl of the lip.

"Very much," said Phyllis. "Although, of course," she added, "appearances are sometimes deceitful."

"And women always," said the Mouse, neatly.

"Don't be silly! It's only boys who talk like that."

"I'm sorry I've put you out."

"Oh, don't flatter yourself!" said Phyllis.

"I'm not a bit put out, but I think I know someone who is."

"I wouldn't talk in a circle if I were you," said the Mouse.

"You'll get giddy."

Phyllis couldn't think of a good reply to that, so she said nothing and kicked at the gravel with her toe.

"I hope I'm not keeping you out of the arbour," said the Mouse, after a pause.

"Yes, you are," said Phyllis, promptly.

"Then I'll go," said the Mouse, lifting himself out of the chair, with a bored expression, and putting his tobacco-pouch into his pocket.

As he was passing her, she put out a hand suddenly and caught him by the sleeve.

"Make it up, dear," she whispered, laying her cheek against his sleeve.

For a moment he wavered, and then—"Let me go, please," he said, coldly.

Phyllis drew her hand away, and the Mouse went down the path with a dignified step. As he turned up towards the house, he felt a few drops of rain pattering down on to his face and hands.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "There's going to be a storm. It will suit my mood."

But it wasn't a storm, merely an April shower. The storm was in the arbour at the end of the shrubbery, where Phyllis was sitting with her face buried in her handkerchief and sobbing as if her heart would break.

### III.

The day wore itself out in the usual April manner. Now it was cloudy; then it rained a little; anon old King Sol looked down at the

world over the edge of a broken cloud with a smile that was half-kindly, half-mischievous. At five o'clock the day was so joyous and sunny that everybody insisted on taking tea out-of-doors; at seven o'clock the budding flowers were bowing their heads beneath a steady, sweet-scented shower; at nine o'clock the half-moon was dodging through a fleecy, black-tipped archipelago.

Phyllis and the Mouse had avoided each other all day in an obviously nonchalant manner. Phyllis, woman-like, had made a good tea, but was rather pensive during dinner; the Mouse, man-like, felt scornful of things material at five o'clock, but listened with some appetite to the pleadings of his gastronomic organs two hours later. Nothing, from the sentimentalist's point of view, could have been better, for a girl seldom cares to make love after a hearty meal, and a youth has no thoughts for sighing and philanderings when he is hungry.

And so it happened that, when the ladies left the dining-room, Phyllis cast a little backward glance over her shoulder and saw that the Mouse was looking after her. Of course, it didn't matter in the least whether he chose to look after her or not, but, all the same, when the other girls went into the drawing-room, she snatched up a little cape, took one glance at herself in the hall-mirror, and slipped out into the garden to take converse with the sleepy flowers.

The Mouse, in the meantime, was beginning to fidget. It occurred to him that a cigarette took an unconscionable time to smoke; he had also heard a light step on the gravel outside. What a lot of rot these men talked! He was sick of hearing people lay down the law about Rosebery, and the War, and the other half-dozen inane things that blatant people get excited about. At the same time, it was only decent, having become a man, to do as other men did, and so he squirmed on his chair and finished his cigarette. Phyllis, alone in the garden, was standing by a little gate that commanded a fine view of the park, and wondering why it was that the trees and the meadows looked so pathetic in the light of the half-moon. The wind, too, had an eerie way of sighing amid the leaves: she

had never noticed it before, but, then, she had always had the Mouse with her on previous moonlit evenings, and the Mouse chattered so that the wind, and the moon, and the leaves never got a chance of making themselves heard.

Just as she was getting tired of listening to melodies in a minor key, she heard a step behind her and the quick breathing of a young man in a hurry.

"Sorry I couldn't get away before," said the Mouse.

Phyllis looked at the half-moon and began to whistle.

"I say, I'm sorry I couldn't get away before," repeated the Mouse.

"Don't mention it," said Phyllis, rather feebly.

"Don't be cross," said the Mouse, penitently. "I know I was a beastly cad this morning, but I'm awfully sorry."

There was silence after that, except that the night-breeze crept in among the leaves and made them laugh a little.



"There," she said, "is your hated rival!"

"Phyllis, the Mouse, and a Bowler-Hat."

"You must admit," the Mouse went on, "that it was rather trying for me to see you—well, to see you with that other chap in the kitchen-garden."

"I don't know what you mean," said Phyllis, her back still towards him.

"Why, the chap in the rotten bowler-hat."

"It was a very nice bowler."

"Oh, you admit that there was somebody, then?"

"No, I don't."

"But a bowler-hat can't move about by itself!"

"Of course not."

"Well, then!"

"Well, then, what?"

"There *must* have been somebody."

"Not at all."

"Of course there must. You're only trying to aggravate me."

Phyllis turned round. She was laughing.

"I'm off!" said the Mouse, and he moved away rapidly toward the house. For the second time that day, Phyllis caught him by the arm. This time he stopped.

"It's still there," said Phyllis.

"What is?"

"Why, the hat."

"I don't understand."

"Come and see, then."

The way to the kitchen-garden led them through several shaded places, but the Mouse didn't take advantage of them. You see, he was a stubborn, as well as a cunning, old thing, and needed to be convinced.

By the netted bed near the wall, Phyllis stopped him and pointed to a dark object lying on the ground.

"There," she said, "is your hated rival!"

The Mouse stepped on to the neatly raked soil and picked up the dark object. It was a bowler-hat!

"Don't be angry, dear," said Phyllis. "I only did it to pay you out for hiding behind the curtain."

"But I——"

"Stupid! It was there for a scare-crow, on a stick, and I just held the stick up."

The usual interval was rather longer than usual. At length, as the voice of Phyllis's mother came to them from the front-door steps, Phyllis murmured, as tritely as lovers will—

"You see, dear, you mustn't always judge by appearances."

"No," assented the Mouse, "but I was right on one point."

"Which?"

"It was a *rotten* old bowler, wasn't it?"

"Mother's getting impatient," said Phyllis. "We must rush."



"A COUNTRY GIRL."

Photograph by Thiele, Chancery Lane.



STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.

BY THOMAS DOWNEY.





Mr. Seymour Hicks  
Mr. Murray King and  
Mr. Sydney Harcourt  
in "Blue-bell in  
Fairylund."

DICKY (MR. SEYMOUR HICKS) POLISHES UP THE SHOES—AND THE STOCKINGS—OF WILL (MR. MURRAY KING).





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



**T**O-NIGHT (Wednesday), if arrangements made at the time of our going to press are adhered to, Mr. Charles Wyndham will return to his theatre in the Charing Cross Road and will there produce a new play, entitled

### "THE END OF A STORY."

(By the way, this is the title of a Nutshell Novel by Mr. Keble Howard that appeared in the issue of *The Sketch* dated Dec. 26, 1900.) Mr. Wyndham, in an apparently very powerful character named Sir Edward Vulliamy, will be chiefly supported in the more intense portions by that fine actress, Mrs. Bernard-Beere, in a somewhat mysterious part named Madame Sumont. There are six other important female characters, namely, Miss Eleanor Murray, Mrs. Clemson, the Misses Maude and Winifred Tollemache, Jeanne and Lady Barbara Farnham. The last-named, a very bright, fashionable character, will be impersonated by Miss Mary Moore, who will wear some wonderful frocks. The other five characters are respectively allotted to Misses May Congdon, Adela Measor, Ethel Warwick, May Martin, and Joan Burnett. The last-named is the daughter of the celebrated actress Jennie "Jo" Lee. The few other male characters include the Earl of Farnham (Mr. Alfred Bishop), Peter O'Hagan (Mr. A. E. Mathews), the Rev. Mr. Tollemache (Mr. Reginald Walter), and M. Bousson, Prefect of Police. The scenes are laid at Penshurst, Stratford-on-Avon (Shades of Bakspeare!), and the Secret Service Department of the Prefecture of Police, Paris.

"The End of a Story" is the work of Mr. J. Dudley Morgan, about whose name much mysterious paragraphic-fuss has been made. It was first called "The Diplomat," and thus became confounded with an American-made play written by Miss Martha Morton, who wrote "A Bachelor's Romance" for Mr. Hare. Miss Morton's "Diplomat" play has just been produced at the Madison Square Theatre, New York. It is a three-Act farce, and, although not too cleverly constructed, its breeziness of action and smartness of dialogue caused it to succeed.

I have already given sundry details of the plot and cast of "The Little French Milliner," the new Avenue play, but my extended notice thereof will, perforce, have to wait until the next issue. In the meantime, I may point out that the nameless adapters (the wife of a renowned journalist and the husband of a well-known actress) have cleverly surmounted the great difficulty that presented itself in the Alcove scene. It was no easy task to make this situation presentable to the young lady of fifteen who has to take her mother to the play. The cast includes Miss Kate Phillips and Mr. Arthur Williams, two of the best comedians now before the public. Among the other players are Mr. Eille Norwood (himself a playwright), Miss Fanny Ward (wife of that wealthy financier, Mr. Joseph Lewis), and that charming and clever actress, Miss Gabrielle Goldney, who is little Miss Kate Phillips's big sister.

The production of "The Little French Milliner" is, unhappily, not to be unattended with litigation. It so happens that a few weeks ago Miss Lottie Collins started touring with a "millinery" or "frocks and frills" play, entitled "The Dressmaker." Now, when this piece was first written it was called "Coralie and Co.," and the Avenue Management, appearing to think that this play has been derived from the same original as "The Little French Milliner," namely, "Coralie et Cie," have applied for an injunction. The author of "The Dressmaker" asserts that her play was written two or three years before Valabrègue and Hennequin's French play, "Coralie et Cie,"

was produced in France. The action is, I am authoritatively informed, down for speedy hearing. In the meantime, playgoers desirous of comparing the two plays will find "The Dressmaker" this week at the Grand Theatre, Islington.

Sir Henry Irving, who has returned to England in the best health he has ever known, has not, I am officially informed, ever had any notion of producing a "Dante" play by Sardou or anyone else—at least, not for many years past. Sir Henry is much amused at the persistent rumours which have been printed concerning this "Dante" drama. Sir Henry will, I am assured, produce no new play whatever this season, but will confine himself to "Faust," to "Becket," and to one or two other interesting revivals. After the now usual Lyceum three months, Sir Henry will start another provincial tour and, after that, an early spring tour, prior to returning to the Lyceum in the April of 1903, in order to play his last season there under his present contract.

It is pleasant to be able to record that Mr. C. Dundas Slater, of the Alhambra, has cancelled the contract by virtue of which he could have compelled Miss Cecilia (formerly "Cissie") Loftus to appear for sixteen weeks at the Alhambra before going anywhere else on her return to England. Thus, Miss Loftus—promising to go first to the Alhambra, if she ever returns to the Variety stage—is now free to play Margaret in Sir Henry Irving's revival of "Faust" at the Lyceum.

A few nights ago, Miss Fortescue produced at the Brixton Theatre a new three-Act play, written by Miss Haidée Wright and her brother, Mr. Fred Wright junior, who has done such droll work at the Gaiety. The piece was called by the old title of "Little Mother," and mainly shows how a poor cripple-girl hunts down a breezy young hero, to whom, she fancies, she owes her deformity. Miss Haidée Wright was often strong as the sometime vengeful cripple bride-elect, especially in the far superior last Act; and Miss Fortescue was often artistic and always attractive in the name-part, a lady who devotes herself to the helping of all worried persons concerned. If thoroughly revised, "Little Mother" should make a strong and interesting play. But any revision *must* be thorough, especially as concerns the first two Acts.



MISS GERTIE MILLAR AS CORA BELLAMY IN "THE TOREADOR,"  
AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

### "LES SALTIMBANQUES," AT NORTHAMPTON.

In these days of inane musical plays, many of which are not remarkable either for music or play, the production of so genuine a comic opera as "Les Saltimbanques," written by Maurice Ordonneau and composed by Louis Ganne (a scene from which appears overleaf), should be welcomed by all true well-wishers to the stage. The "book," adapted by Mr. Arthur Sturgess, is full of amusing and dramatic material, with just a dash of irresistible pathos now and again in order to add variety. When certain revisions, transpositions, and so forth, have been carried out, the libretto of "Les Saltimbanques" will form a strong play.

"Les Saltimbanques" is excellently interpreted by a strong Company now touring under the direction of Mr. Edward Lockwood, who will anon be concerned with Mr. C. P. Levilly in producing the piece at a West-End theatre. Miss Stella Gastelle, who has so long and successfully toured as the doll heroine in Mr. Levilly's "La Poupée" Company, sings sweetly and acts prettily as the sometime ill-treated little mountebank heroine. Mr. John Ridding is effective, especially in a very striking patriotic song, as her dashing military wooer; and Mr. George Mudie is artistic, if at times a little too deliberate, as the long-lost heroine's aristocratic father.

# KEY-NOTES

ON Good Friday, London, as usual, gave itself over to songs, sacred and otherwise. All the principal halls were largely patronised, and the English public again showed that everything which goes under the name of religious celebration is dear to its heart. At the Albert Hall, of course, the customary performance of "The Messiah" was given, under Sir Frederick Bridge's direction. When first this admirable conductor determined to play Handel's Oratorio as Handel wrote it, and not as Mozart tinkered it, there was something in the nature of a critical outcry; we had all grown up, as it were, with Mozart's additional accompaniments, and it was quite plainly said, when the new policy was determined upon, that Handel's score sounded thin and almost unimportant. From the beginning I took a contrary view, and it is pleasant to note that Sir Frederick Bridge's policy seems now to have fallen into the general line of approval.

The Oratorio, as a matter of fact, gains incredibly in dignity by its performance in the manner which its composer originally designed for it. Without going into any such abstruse artistic question as to whether Mozart was justified in handling "The Messiah" as he did, the fact remains that he did it for special circumstances, and with no thought that he was changing the spirit of a masterpiece. One word as to the performance itself on Good Friday. Sir Frederick Bridge seems in these days to rely more upon his choral effects than upon his soloists. Neither Madame Sobrino nor Mr. Lloyd Chandos struck one as being up to the right Albert Hall mark; on the other hand, the chorus has seldom sung better. The actual numbers of the choir had been somewhat reduced, owing to the exigences of the day, but that did not alter the fact that the singers were not only full and rich in tone, but were also remarkably flexible in their attention to light and shade.

Before dismissing any subject concerned with Sir Frederick Bridge, I may here mention the fact that he has now completed the scheme

upon which he has long been working for the Coronation music. It has been submitted to the King and to the Queen separately, and by them has been approved; since then it has passed into the hands of the Earl-Marshal, and only needs the countersign of official recognition to pass into the list of things that are destined to be historical.

The Good Friday concert given at Queen's Hall in the afternoon had practically no connection with the day's celebration, if one excepts certain selections from "Parsifal." Mr. Henry Wood's admirable band played the "Pastoral Symphony" quite magnificently, the slow movement in particular going with a large sort of dignity and with a wide emotional effect which were exceedingly impressive. Miss Alice Nielsen, who has, as I said last week, now definitely put away the things of the stage, and is rapidly blossoming into the position of a first-rate concert-singer, sang Mendelssohn's "Hear Ye, Israel," and Gounod's "Ave Maria" with singular sweetness. Her courage in taking up work for which she feels herself fitted, although she had already carved out a successful path in other lines, is to be altogether commended. Her concert-singing, I hear, has even received approval from the highest possible quarter in English social life.

Mr. Sanley (who, by the way, one is glad to note, is honoured this week by the cartoonist of *Vanity Fair*) was, perhaps, the chief attraction at St. James's Hall on the night of Good Friday. His amazing vigour and the extraordinary vitality of his voice were really matters of quite astonishing importance. "Nazareth," of course, is one of his familiar successes in the rendering, and on the occasion in question he aroused so much enthusiasm that, despite his obvious reluctance, he was compelled to repeat the last verse. It would be tedious to enumerate name by name the singers, who evidently, for the most part, delighted a huge audience. Madame Ella Russell, however, may be selected for special mention, as she was in every way in brilliant form. There was some concerted singing also which evidently gave great pleasure.

COMMON CHORD.



MM. ORDONNEAU AND GANNE'S NEW COMIC OPERA, "LES SALTIMBANQUES," JUST PRODUCED IN ENGLAND: ACT II.—THE CRUEL CIRCUS-TRAINER FOILED.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W. (See Page 470)



## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*The Easter Holidays—Touring “from a Centre”—Pleasurable Sight-seeing—When Pedestrians are Nuisances—Railways and Liability.*

Time to light up: Wednesday, April 9, 7.44; Thursday, 7.46; Friday, 7.47; Saturday, 7.49; Sunday, 7.51; Monday, 7.52; Tuesday, 7.54.

The Easter holidays were not entirely an unmixed blessing. There was some good weather, for which, I hope, all of us were duly thankful; and there was a good deal of bad weather, which was decidedly uncomfortable, but which did not lead us, I trust, to use words we should not have used. There is an old Scotch saying, when anything goes wrong, that we should be glad they are not “waur.” In this philosophic vein, we may look back on Easter-time and admit our experiences might have been much worse than they were.

One of the things that delighted me greatly this holiday-time was that so many people had taken to touring, “from a centre.” Several years ago, I hammered away on this page and elsewhere about the superior advantages of settling down in a particular district, making daily excursions, and coming back to the same hotel each evening. That was the time when nearly all who considered themselves tourists were inclined to look a little contemptuously at the potterer round one particular neighbourhood, and thought the only true and real article in the tourist line was the man who set out from London and struck more or less of a bee-line for Cornwall; then started away north to Glasgow, took a sweep to the right to Edinburgh, and thence followed the Great North Road back to London again. Believe me, although this is a right-enough proceeding to the rider who desires to pile up mileage, it is a poor way to see a country or to take a holiday. The best things are not to be found adjoining main-roads, and, if they were, the hundred-mile-a-day man would be in too much of a hurry to see them.

It is a delightful plan, and one which I am never tired of harping upon, to send one's kit-bag by train down to a fine, old-fashioned hotel in a picturesque part of the country, follow it awheel, and then start roaming the district, coming back each evening to a place where there are clean and cool clothes awaiting one. Easter proved that the idea had “caught on.” I saw several touring-parties and heard of a good many more. The most popular plan seemed to be for seven or eight folks to practically take possession of a small hotel, ride round together or in two or three sections, to suit individual capabilities, and then meet together in the evening to dine, to talk over the day's doings and discuss to-morrow's programme. What could be more delightful than a holiday like this? How much better than to stick in an overcrowded boarding-house at the seaside, with no exercise but the march up and down the Promenade!

Cyclists are just as long-suffering as most people; yet what a nuisance pedestrians often are! Of course, during the holidays there

were plenty of folks out enjoying the brief snatches of sunshine. But why should they make strings of themselves across the roadway, so that it is extremely difficult for the cyclist to get past? We don't claim a monopoly of the roadway, but neither should pedestrians out for an afternoon's saunter. Personally, I had one or two experiences which seemed to indicate that the pedestrian regarded the road as his own and thought the cyclist had no right on the face of the earth. There were, of course, the women who, on the tinkling of one's bell, started scurrying all over the road like frightened rabbits, and there were the decent people who edged a little to one side on hearing the signal; but there were others who never budged an inch, ring the bell as loudly as you liked. The idea was, of course, that you dare not run into them. Twice I found it necessary to shoulder some of these selfish folks. One does not like to do that, for it generally sends the man spinning to his proper side of the road. Alas, however, there is

sometimes no remedy but force, for a request to make way is often greeted with the inquiry, accompanied by oaths, “How much of the road do you want?”

I always have a shiver when I see the way bicycles, many of them new and valuable, are often treated in the luggage-vans of passenger-trains. It is really too bad how they are cruddled together, pedals stuck between the spokes, handle-bars scraping enamel, and a general neglect of what care they are legitimately entitled to. Every now and then we hear about special bicycle-carriers in luggage-vans, but I am sorry to say they are very seldom used. I have never been, I hope, an unreasonable critic of the railway companies in regard to cyclists, but I do sometimes think the railway companies themselves seem to have a special antipathy towards us as a class. In all other cases the company accepts liability for damage when carrying goods. In regard to a bicycle, although you pay excessively for its conveyance, you are obliged to sign a paper absolving the company from responsibility, or to accept a ticket on the understanding that responsibility is repudiated. I think even a railway director will admit this is unfair, because no one would seek to recover damage unless it was through

the negligence of the company's servants. What the railway company practically says is, “A slovenly porter can bang a milk-can against your bicycle, damage it severely, and you will have to bear the cost of repairing.” In a Court of Law such a repudiation of liability wouldn't hold for a minute, not even though you had signed a paper saying you absolved the company from liability, because the Court would declare it was an unreasonable contract, and therefore not binding. I have recently heard of five cases which show the railway companies are perfectly conscious that, although they may succeed in frightening off certain people from claiming damages for mischief done, they must pay if the grievance is a legitimate one.

While cycle-tracks in England are yearly becoming fewer, the number is gradually being added to in France. In Paris a new track has just been laid, called the Buffalo Velodrome, small, just under six laps to the mile, and designed on the most modern lines. J. F. F.



MISS AGNES FRASER, WHO PLAYS THE LEAD IN “MERRIE ENGLAND,” AT THE SAVOY.  
Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*Epsom Spring.* According to rumour, His Majesty the King is to attend the Epsom Meeting on April 22 and 23, to see the Great Metropolitan and City and Suburban run for. Anyway, Mr. H. M. Dorling has completed the alterations to the Royal Stand, and the course is in apple-pie order. Indeed, the going at Epsom is always good, thanks to the care bestowed on the track by the able Manager. The race for the City and Suburban is likely to be very exciting if the majority of the acceptances go to the post. Ever since the appearance of the weights, I have gone solid for Volodyovski, and I think the Derby winner holds a big chance, but backers should be told that a strong sporting rivalry still exists between Mr. Whitney and Mr. J. R. Keene, and, if the latter withdrew his cracks from the race at the last moment, "Voly" might not be sent to the post. I hope, for the sake of sport, that what I have hinted at may not occur, but we all remember why Spectrum did not run for the Cambridgeshire last year, a race, by-the-bye, she could not have lost. Floriform is fancied for the City and Suburban, and he may run well if sound; and all the little punters will fasten on to Epsom Lad, who is a rum-'un to look at but a beggar to go. Lord Wolverton's luck on the Turf has been so indifferent that many people would like to see Osboch successful, but I am afraid he is not destined to improve on his success in the Cambridgeshire this time. Given a run in, I should certainly plump for Volodyovski, and in his absence I may give my vote to Australian Star.

The experiment of delaying the publication of the weights for the Jubilee Stakes this year has not yielded well, as the acceptances are below the average. I expect, however, to see a field of average strength at the post on May 10, and, if the good-class horses are started, the race will maintain its status. I may here mention, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that there is more interest taken in the Jubilee by stay-at-home Londoners than in any other race the year through. The Cockneys generally back the winner of this race. They won on Bendigo, Minting, Euclid, Victor Wild, and even Santoi, who caused such a big surprise when Rickaby got him home first last year. According to the gossips, Sam Darling means to win the Jubilee of 1902. He has five horses left in the race, including Revenue, a winner over the course. I think Darling's best will be Dundonald. I notice that arch-impostor, Good Luck, has accepted, and he will, as a matter of course, have plenty of followers if sent to the post, as the public persists in following horses of his calibre. Royal George is very lightly treated, and, if I were his owner, he would miss his City and Suburban engagement and run here. He was a good second to Wabun for the Queen's Prize. He runs well over this course always, and I should certainly advise his being kept on the safe side. Parthian II., with 8 st. 2 lb., is not out of the race. He must have become acclimatised by now, and, if he is a flier, he should beat Epsom Lad at 12 lb.

*Fixtures.* It is really necessary to protest against the slipshod manner in which the racing fixtures for the Bank Holiday week were arranged. The Stewards of the Jockey Club might have given us racing in the South on each day, instead of which we had Kempton on the Monday; Windsor, Wednesday; Hurst Park, Friday; and Alexandra Park on Saturday. The consequence was that we had to go elsewhere for our sport on the Tuesday and the Thursday. Seeing what dividend-earning courses we have in the immediate neighbourhood of London, the Jockey Club might justly have granted the Tuesday to Kempton, and the Thursday to Hurst Park. By this arrangement the country-meetings would have suffered

little, while Cockneys would have benefited greatly. Further, the question of expenses is one that should at least appeal to the powers that be. Backers, as a body, find their "Kitty" beats them in the long run, and everything in reason should be done by our Turf Senators to try and keep down the expenses of racegoers. Meetings of the class of Croxton Park may be amusing to the rich, but they are a nuisance to the racegoer of limited means, and they should not be run to the exclusion of the legitimate fixtures. I certainly do think that in every holiday-week six days' racing should be fixed to take place in the Metropolitan circuit. The six days' racing could be enjoyed at the price of three under the present arrangement.

*Jockeys.* A prophet is without honour in his own country, and, seemingly, the same fate awaits the jockey at times. Only the other day, a member of the Jockey Club ran a horse at one of the Midland meetings, and he gave a trainer fifty pounds for the services of the latter's apprentice, to ensure the good thing coming off all right. But the horse finished second, and the winner was ridden by an apprentice belonging to the stable where the second horse was trained. I do not think that a change of jockeys would have altered the result a little bit, yet it struck me, after the race, that the winning jockey might have thought so. The little incident given

above goes far to prove that we have some honourable men left on the Turf, and honourable jockeys too; but I regret to hear that some of the horsemen still riding are supposed to be very fond of readying owners' horses for the benefit of themselves and their friends. It would be interesting to know the real reason for the warning off of Rickaby and the refusing of a licence to Otto Madden, and it is a pity that the Stewards of the Jockey Club could not publish the facts in their possession. If our jockeys think they can do as they like on the Turf, they will find themselves in the wrong box presently, and I hope it will not be very long before one or two of the more unscrupulous

professional backers are laid by the heels. A jockey riding in a race could not possibly make money without the aid of confederates to work the pen in the rings, and it is the confederates who must be severely punished when they are caught.

*The Cheap Rings.* I have received several complaints of late from frequenters of the cheap rings, who very rightly grumble because they are not provided with proper number-boards. I think the Stewards of the Jockey Club and the National Hunt Committee should go thoroughly into the question of catering for the gallery at all meetings held under their rules. CAPTAIN COE.

## RACQUETS: OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE.

The matches at Queen's Club between the Varsity representatives on Easter Monday and Tuesday drew large numbers of interested spectators. The Doubles were played on the first day, and Messrs. E. M. Baerlein and F. B. Wilson, the Light Blues, decisively defeated the Oxford representatives, Messrs. Ivor de la Rue and A. J. Grahame, by four games to one, the actual scores reading 15-10, 15-8, 9-15, 15-10, 15-4. On the Tuesday, Cambridge, as was anticipated, gained a victory also in the Singles, for Mr. Baerlein had little difficulty in disposing of Mr. de la Rue, by three games to love: 15-1, 15-9, 15-4. The Dark Blue representative was somewhat handicapped by lack of training, but he had to play against an exceptionally clever opponent, for Mr. Baerlein has shown splendid form of late, and, in partnership with Mr. E. H. Miles, had already qualified for the final in the Amateur Championship Doubles.



MR. IVOR DE LA RUE, ONE OF THE OXFORD PLAYERS.



MR. E. M. BAERLEIN, THE CAMBRIDGE CHAMPION.

## THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE RACQUETS CHAMPIONSHIPS.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

THE recent discussion raised at the Albert Asylum, Bagshot, at the annual meeting of governors and subscribers to that institution, throws an interesting side-light on the burning question of domestic service. It seems that, notwithstanding the philanthropic efforts made to teach the girls and fit them for the ranks of the cap-and-apron brigade, they, for the most part, evaded the comfortable condition which service in decent families ensures, preferring the unkempt freedom of their own homes to the well-buttered bread of servitude. The entire problem of where and how to obtain good servants becomes, indeed, each day more impossible to solve. Girls of the classes aspire to be transmuted into "young ladies" by the apparently simple expedients of going on the stage, becoming dressmakers, shop-women, or anything, in fact, rather than make beds and wait at table.

That they would be happier and better cared for in the estate of the servants' hall is admitted. But the fact remains that most girls choose any alternative, that the number of available servants grows yearly less, and that the riddle of how to replace them presses increasingly on this generation. I wonder very much that foreign servants are not imported to a more general extent as a remedy for this state of things. Belgian and Dutch girls are models of hard work and cleanliness. So are the Swiss. They will go about their work with a thoroughness that no fine-lady house- or parlour-maid of British nationality would dream of. Never have I had parquet polished or plate so brilliant as since the days of experiences with international servitors. Of course, much mixing of race below-stairs leads to tribal quarrels. But where

it no more nervous title, of the average domestic of to-day, I may cite the case of a friend who wrote lately to the principal registry-office in town for a first-housemaid. One applicant was selected, but, taking exception to a letter in which the girl wrote for information as to evenings out, visitors, and other alleviations of her lot, my friend



GOWN OF PALE-GREEN CLOTH WITH BLACK GLACÉ.

two women of the same nationality can be kept, the plan works well, and it is, moreover, the only panacea which at present suggests itself for the remedy and dispersal of those clouds which so often lower over the domestic horizon. As an example of the "independence," to give



PALE-BLUE CRÊPE-DE-CHINE WITH INCRUSTATIONS OF LACE.

wrote that she thought her unsuitable. In reply, an ill-spelled but eloquent missive arrived, stating that mistresses were now so many and maids so few that it "reely" did not matter whether the lady engaged her or not—"and Miss Matilda Jones was, on the whole, rather pleased"! As an instance of what we have arrived at in the modern Helot, this leaves nothing to add!

On the subject of clothes, there are few excitements to be met with when travelling in Italy, as I have been of late. Charming manners and beautiful faces have been dealt out by the gods in liberal measure to the daughters of this sunny land, but the *chic* of the Frenchwoman, which redeems her less classic curves, has been withheld, and Fashion is a very leisurely personage south of the Alps, even where money imposes no restriction on her pace. The hats and gowns in the shop-windows even of Rome and Naples are quaint adaptations of the mode past and present. Next week, when crying halt in Paris, one will be able to luxuriate in the phases of Fashion as she will be—a recrudescence that offers an unlimited prospect of employment to the mundane mind that for three classic weeks has been fed on ecclesiastical architecture and the remains, real and spurious, of the Pagan era.

Italian women, however, are undeniably handsome. I suppose one gift or faculty is, in the eternal balance of things, the counterpoise of another. Why, indeed, should any woman (except in the eyes of the man who for the moment admires her) possess all the gifts and graces? It would be obviously unfair. Diplomats, one always thinks, are the best judges of men, and, under favourable circumstances, of womankind. One learned in his exalted avocation summed up



some side-light experiences to me recently on things and persons. Upon the subject of women he was particularly fine, and I regretted that the exigencies of social observances prevented me from taking notes on the spot of his finely expressed cynicisms. Briefly, I gathered, however, that, when the gods dealt out gifts to the sex, good looks, graceful figures, and bad manners were allotted to the Englishwoman; while the Frenchwoman, plain but with *chic* and a vivacious amiability, walked away from her Anglo-Saxon sister in the art of fascination. Spaniards were set down by this epicure in sensations as beautiful, lazy, immobile; Italians as exquisite but unkempt. Why prolog, the *résumé*, however? If there is a lesson to be drawn from the opinion of a past-master, it is that it is not enough to sit still and be beautiful. For, to attract, one must also smile. "Et enfin c'est fini," as my informant added, with a shrug of his well-groomed shoulders. I hope my girl readers with ambitions matrimonial will lay this hint to heart and cultivate *l'air gracieux*, having acquired which, it may be labelled as their chiefest attraction.

SYBIL.

## MUSICAL ITEMS.

The Academy of Music has produced, in the person of Mr. A. von Ahn Carse, a musician of the greatest promise. A dramatic cantata from his pen, entitled "The Lay of the Brown Rosary," has just been given at Queen's Hall in one of the Students' Orchestral Concerts, and it is impossible not to acknowledge the very great cleverness which distinguishes the whole composition. As must invariably be the case with all youthful work, there are signs, of course, of the influences of many masters; but when all these are accounted for, there still remains a very distinct residuum of most undoubted original talent in the work. Like most young men, again, Mr. von Ahn Carse is at present more concerned with avoiding the obvious than with trusting to his own sense of tune, and there is no doubt about it that his new score makes, now and then, fearful expeditions into what is purely curious in music, for the sake of avoiding what might possibly sound commonplace; but the score is distinctly the work of an extremely clever man who avails himself of all the resources of his musical generation. Sir Alexander Mackenzie conducted, and a performance of the most laudable kind was secured for the new composition. In the musical world, Mr. von Ahn Carse will undoubtedly be heard of again.

Mr. Michel de Sicard, a Russian violinist, gave the first of a series of three recitals on Thursday afternoon at St. James's Hall. He has a distinctly fine method, and his playing is at all times distinguished by cleanness and neatness. In work of a more or less fragmentary character he proves himself undoubtedly to be a genuine artist in

short flights; his playing, for example, of Wieniawski's Polonaise in D Major was quite distinctly charming. On the other hand, in Bach's "Chaconne" (which, by-the-bye, Joachim is used to play so delightfully) he was disappointing; he lacked breadth and that expansive feeling which belongs necessarily to all interpretations of Bach's gloriously liberal music. Mr. Percival Garratt assisted M. de Sicard at the pianoforte, and gave for solos a Brahms, a Sinding, and Liszt's arrangement of the "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde." Mr. Garratt is evidently a clever musician, but it was somewhat difficult to judge the full extent of his powers from so brief

an experience of their unfolding.

Messrs. Novello have just issued an interesting composition by Mr. H. Hofmann, entitled "Champagnerlied." The thing is extremely clever and goes with a bubbling sort of effervescent gaiety that amply justifies the title which Mr. Hofmann has chosen. It is written for orchestra, chorus of men's voices, and tenor solo. Much excellent work is constantly being issued by music-publishers which comes to little public fruition; so clever, however, is Mr. Hofmann's little score that one may hope that it, at all events, is not destined to be still-born.

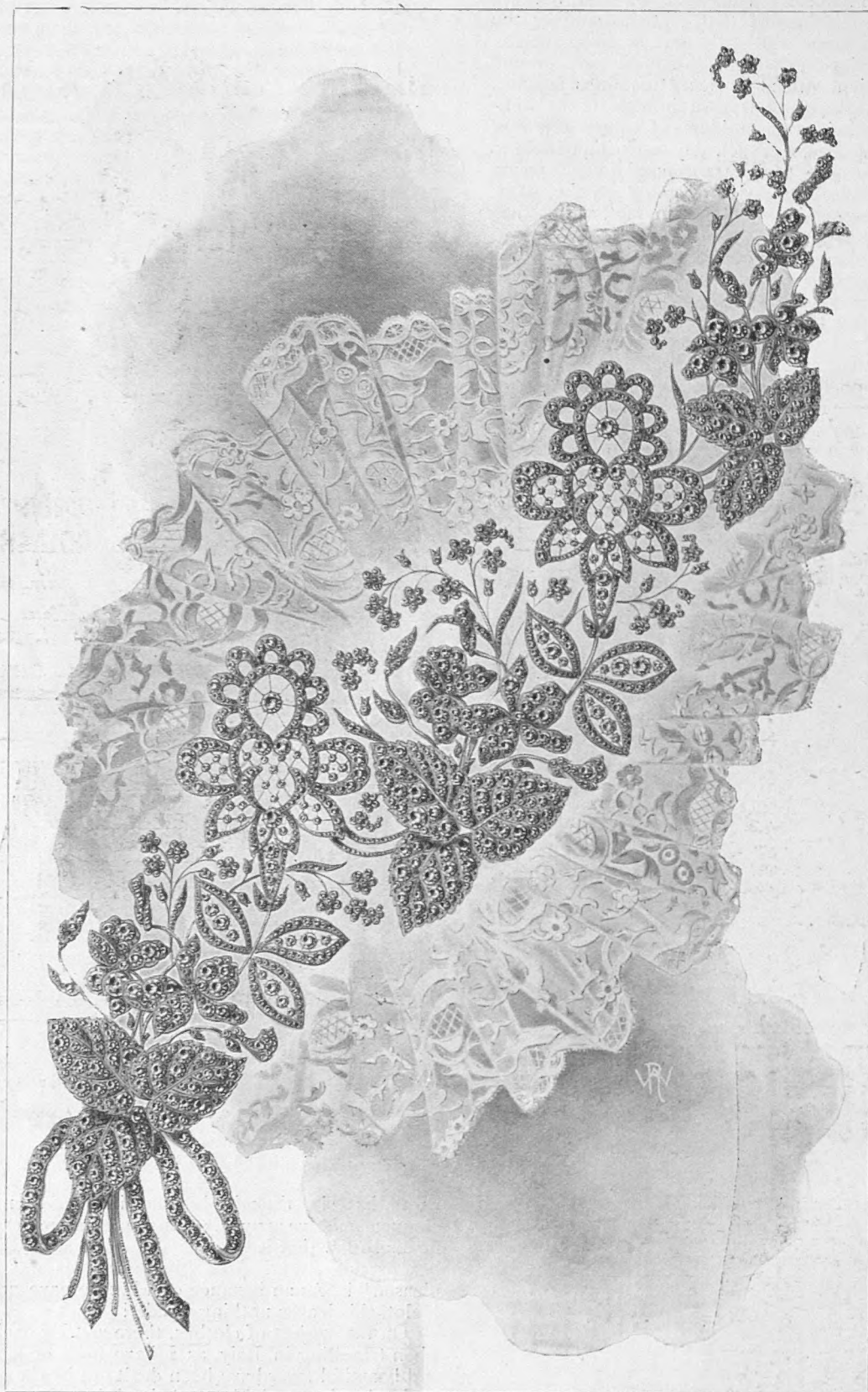
## CECIL RHODES'S FIRST SCHOOL.

Owing to a confusion of names, the Bishop's Stortford Nonconformists' School has received the credit which justly belongs to the Grammar School of having imparted early instruction to the great Empire-maker who now lies at rest in the Matoppos Hills. It was at the latter—then known as the "High School"—that Mr. Rhodes studied under Dr. Goodman, the actual room being the present parish-room. The Nonconformists' School is a more recent erection. In the hall of the Grammar School hangs the much-prized portrait presented by Mr. Rhodes. Until recently the Nonconformists' School bore the title of "Grammar," which the "High" School had also adopted. Hence

probably the confusion. It is not astonishing that the Grammar School should feel proud of having given his first lessons to the great man whose munificent will is now attracting so much attention.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.



NEW JEWELLERY AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on April 24.*

## AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

IT is curious that the public continues to look on without showing any sign of interest in Stock Exchange matters, and, as a result, all the markets are as dead as the proverbial door-nail. Everybody is waiting on Mr. Steyn, who, if the Government would only allow him to get into telegraphic communication with Europe, could make a fortune as a bull of Kaffirs if it was worth his while to surrender and bring the rest of the leaders in with him as soon as his purchases had been duly made. The worst of it is that these wretched Boers are so uncivilised that they do not understand these things!

Our contemporary, the *Morning Post*, is to be congratulated on having secured as City Editor Mr. Charles Duguid, who is leaving the *Westminster Gazette* to take up his new duties. No financial writer of our time has attained so high a reputation as Mr. Duguid, whose monumental work upon the *Pall Mall* and *Westminster Gazettes*, and, more lately, on the *World*, has done a great deal to raise the tone of financial journalism, and to set a standard which less able writers can only strive to approach. In all the scandals to which the Hooley and Whitaker Wright smashes have given rise, not one word has ever been uttered against Mr. Duguid, whose probity and independence have become so well known that rogues must by this time have given up trying to tempt him. Mr. Duguid's work upon the *Morning Post* will be looked forward to with interest by all persons who are accustomed to refer to their morning paper for advice and assistance in the management of their money matters.

## THE WELSBACH COMPANY.

The Welsbach position is getting very interesting, and a few days will decide whether or not the opponents of the 1893 patent think it worth while to risk a fight. The Gas Companies are very anxious to get really cheap mantles and burners on the market both for public and private lighting, and the South Metropolitan Company has taken the lead in getting up a guarantee fund to secure as complete an attack on the Welsbach patent as possible; but, now that everything is ready, and we are merely waiting for the curtain to ring up, the Welsbach Board have announced such sweeping reductions in price that there is very little for the opponents of the patent to fight for. The air is full of stories as to a settlement being arrived at whereby Mr. Livesey and the Gas Companies will get all they could expect if they were victorious, and the validity of the 1893 patent will be maintained. It is very like the Tobacco War, and the ordinary mortal can only speculate as to where the private consumer will come in. The probability is that in both cases he will be allowed "to pay the piper," if he is good and does not spoil sport.

## THE REVIVAL IN YANKEES.

That a sudden rise in Americans was likely to occur as soon as the holidays terminated was recognised by many of us who venture to forecast the probable course of markets; but it has come with more force than was looked for in most quarters. The bulls seem to have caught the short division by the tail, and are, for the time being, in possession of the field. Winter wheat prospects, the end of the coal strike, and the continued prosperity of the country are the main factors in the consideration of those who pin their faith to a further rise. The "long" party is now almost exclusively American: on this side we hold comparatively little stock, and jobbers in Shorter's Court will candidly tell you that they see but small inducement for the British public to repurchase at their present altitude the shares which crossed the Atlantic when America was a feverish buyer of everything last year. It having become more or less of a gamble, this Yankee Market, some of the lower-priced things, such as Missouri or Erie Common, are as useful as anything, and Steel Common may be put to 50, if not to the highest touched in 1901, which was 54. Investors will probably find Steel Preference turn out well, although there is always the danger of what may happen when the iron and steel industry, now in the full tide of prosperity, comes to feel the pinch of a lull in the boom. As regards the exchanging of these Preference shares into 5 per cent. Bonds, the position which the latter will occupy and the property upon which they are to be secured have not been made

sufficiently clear for an opinion to be expressed until further details are available. The insiders, of course, have the Corporation at their mercy and can do what they like with much more ease than the Glasgow licensing authorities in another connection. In fact, the speculator who chooses any Yankees as a medium for gambling is quite in the hands of the "bosses" across the herring-pond.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC AND GRAND TRUNK.

For months past the pessimists have been saying that Canada's prosperity—as reflected in the earnings of the two principal railroads—was at the highest point. Yet still the bounding increases come in the traffic receipts, and, however loth to believe the evidence of their senses some of the bears may be, the facts remain. The Canadian Pacific's statistics since last July are all but sensational, and the Grand Trunk is trudging along at the heel of her mightier sister in dogged style. Why Canadian Pacifics should linger long on this side of 125 we do not know. That figure is their justifiable goal, and will be reached in due course, perhaps, when some of the German taps have run dry. Grand Trunks are on a different plane, inasmuch as the policy of the Board is a much more conservative one. The report published last week fully confirms all that has been said about their attitude in this respect. Money derived from revenue is still to go into bridges and equipment rather than into the pockets of those holding the junior securities. Bit by bit the line is being placed in first-class condition, and the present financial policy is, without doubt, the more excellent way. It renders the First Preference stock as good as a 5 per cent. investment as could be desired, while the Second Preference ought not to fail of its full dividend next year, unless the

course of prosperity turn very suddenly. Trunk Thirds begin to look quite a hopeful gamble; but, as for the Ordinary stock, it is only fit to buy as one might buy Chartered shares—to lock up for the generations to come.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Plenty of them," The Jobber was saying when The City Editor entered the carriage.

"Plenty of what?" queried The Journalist.

"I was saying that I knew plenty of people who would believe a newspaper's prices rather than those taken red-hot out of the market by their broker."

"It shows there are sensible people left, in spite of the Coronation," smiled The City Editor.

"Oh, of course, you would naturally join the ranks of the enemy!" retorted the Jobber.

"But, my dear sir," returned the other, "as a member of the Stock Exchange, you surely know that a large part of the financial article in many a morning paper is supplied by Housemen—"

"Most of them with an axe of their own to grind," The Broker threw in. "You can tell their writing, as a rule; that's one comfort."

"But the public cannot," said The Merchant, joining in. "I myself am fully prepared to agree that, on some financial subjects, Stock Exchange members are ideal authors or journalists—"

"Still, they ought to keep their own donkeys under control," considered The Engineer.

"Committee ought to make 'em all wear badges," growled The Jobber. "A quill through the left ear, or something of that sort."

"What an awful ass your Committee is!" exclaimed The Merchant.

"Oh, talk of something we're not sick of hearing about!" protested The Broker. "Take Home Rails, for instance."

"It's time they went better," declared The Engineer, with rising interest. "The stocks should be worth buying, from 'Twopenny Tubes' downwards."

"Upwards, you mean, don't you? You can't get much lower than the Central London."

"Don't quibble. I have a little money to invest—some few thousands for a relative of mine—and I am trying to make up my mind as to which stocks are the best to buy."

"Which stocks are not the worst, you mean, don't you?" suggested The Jobber. The other did not heed him and went on—

"Midland Deferred and Preferred, North-Western and Great Western, Central London Preferred, and perhaps some of the Ordinary. Those are my present selections."

"When d'you fix the 'S.P.'?" asked The Broker.

("Starting-prices," explained The Engineer to the puzzled City Editor.)

"To-day will do as well as any other," replied the investor.



EARLY GOLD-MINING ON THE RAND.

Photograph by G. Payer, Boksburg, Witwatersrand.



"And when will you have a profit, do you expect?" "Some time in July," was the confident answer. "I shan't wait for the August dividends."

"Then you are not going to buy the stocks to keep?" inquired The Merchant.

"I should sell them on any smart rise," The Engineer said. "But if one fails to come, then I shall certainly advise my people to sit on their stocks and wait for better days. They are bound to rise sooner or later."

"After the Yankees, we," observed The Jobber.

"The American invasion is a mere bubble," The Banker laid down. "A transitory ebullition; a simple sky-rocket, that is all."

"Nice mixture of similes," murmured The Jobber. "Wonder he doesn't call it a piffling parachute."

"There should be a good number of American dollars spent in London this season, at all events," The Broker continued. "Some of the refreshment companies' shares might still be worth buying."

"A.B.C. shares?"

"Yes, and Lyons, too—or Slaters. That last is a very fair investment of the steady sort."

"Hotels should benefit, surely," suggested The Merchant.

"Cecil Prefs. and Savoy shares might be bought as a very speculative investment," The Broker opined. "Can't say I like Hotel shares, as a rule, though."

"I've a good mind to lay in a few entertainment things, Palaces and Empires, you know, as a gamble," interposed The Engineer. "All the visitors will want to go to the theatres and music-halls, and a great many will go to look after them."

"Well, if we *must* talk about the Coronation, Harrod's and Liberty's and other shopping places like those will probably do a big trade."

"While it lasts."

"That's just it. A merry season but a short one will be the rule. I, for one, shall flee awa' to the fresh air as soon as the King requires my face at a window no more."

"You go away before the procession," counselled The Jobber.

"The King might see your face, as you infer, and it seems too bad to spoil the man's outing for the day. I should say—ugh—phoo!"—And he leant far out of the carriage window. The Banker looked seriously alarmed, but The Broker said placidly—

"It's generally the way when they put the lighted end of their cigars into their mouths. Fresh air cools the tongue, as it were, besides taking the raw edge off the language employed on such occasions."

"Can any good come out of Westralia?" asked The Engineer, during a lull in the soliloquy without. "Here are my old friends, Cosmopolitans, on the slide now."

"And look at my Associated! Down to 1½," lamented The Merchant.

"So are Sons of Gwalia," The Banker remarked, with a wry face.

"Same as Wags," chimed in The City Editor, following suit.

"Ditto ditto Boulder Souths," quoth The Jobber, looking round.

"Can't somebody tell us a price which is not 1½?"

"Kalgurli, I am informed, make about the best speculation in that market," said The Broker. "They're about 3½ or 3¼. The Company is doing well, and I'll be hanged if I wouldn't rather hold Kalgurli than Lake Views!"

"Don't be vulgar!" reproved The Jobber. "Well, I'm sick of Kaffirs, so I don't mind having a dash at some Westralian or other, for a change. It will bring back to memory days of long ago, when I dealt in them myself. Aha! I know what to do. I'll buy myself some Golden Links to mark my connection with the past."

"How extremely witty!" sneered The Broker as he alighted.

#### MR. RHODES AND SOUTH AFRICANS.

As we anticipated, the death of Mr. Rhodes has caused no serious collapse in either Kaffirs or Rhodesians. Mr. Rhodes never was a market manipulator, and his large holdings in Goldfields, Chartered, De Beers, and the like are not in the least likely to be thrown overboard in a hurry. Still, in the long run, his death must be felt; for he was a man who believed in his schemes, and in times of depression, when others hesitated, Cecil Rhodes not uncommonly came to the rescue. With him, support of the market was not so much given in the hope of making money as to help one or other of the enterprises upon the success of which his heart was set.

The peace negotiations appear to have made very little progress, and the general feeling in the City is less optimistic, not so much because anyone knows what is really going on, as that the temper of Mr. Steyn and the other irreconcilables is beginning to be better understood. Whether anything comes of the present conferences or not, there is no doubt that things are slowly settling down at Johannesburg, but we do not see any materials for a fresh boom until the end of the War. For people who can afford to lock up Rand Victorias, Angelos Deep, or Witwatersrand Deep, we think the present is not a bad time to buy, although it is by no means unlikely that some time may elapse before the moment for unloading arrives.

Saturday, April 5, 1902.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 193, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

EMBRYO.—The usual custom is that all shares are sold so that the buyer gets the dividend, unless the deal takes place in the Stock Exchange account after it has

been declared and before actual payment has been made, in which case the sale is "ex-div." and the seller is entitled to it.

MOSSACK.—People who do not charge commission are never satisfactory to do business with. How do you think they make the business pay? It is clear that the bucket-shop you mention is not conducted as a philanthropic undertaking, and you may be sure that they will make far more out of you than an honest commission. If you deal with any of the advertising touts who send you "market reports," circulars, or newspapers gratis, you are sure to be robbed.

H.—(1) It appears to us that Mysore are at or near their true value. About the life of the mine, all that can be said is that there is no sign of an end at present; as to thirty-eight years hence, only a fool would prophesy. (2) A good spec., with many years of work in sight. (3) We hear that these shares will go over £5, and the information comes from a reliable source.

CLAPTON.—The developments have been very disappointing, and nothing of value has, so far, been found in the undeveloped ground. It is a pure speculation, but at present prices we should rather chance it than sell. Very likely the shares will end by being valueless, but it is not long odds against a lucky strike and a big rise.

A. H. P.—It is very difficult to get 4 per cent. on Colonial stocks, but any of the following bonds to bearer will give it to you if you put away a trifle to cover redemption—(1) Cape 4½ per cent. at 103-105; (2) Fijian 4½ per cent. at 100-101; (3) New Zealand Consols 5 per cent. at 100-102; Quebec 4 per cent. (1919) at 102-104. It is curious that all the bearer bonds give a better return than the corresponding inscribed stocks, in most cases nearly ½ per cent. better.

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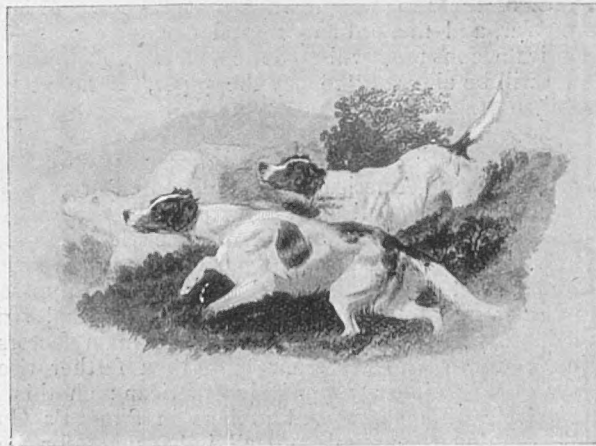
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"THE SKETCH," 193, STRAND, W.C.